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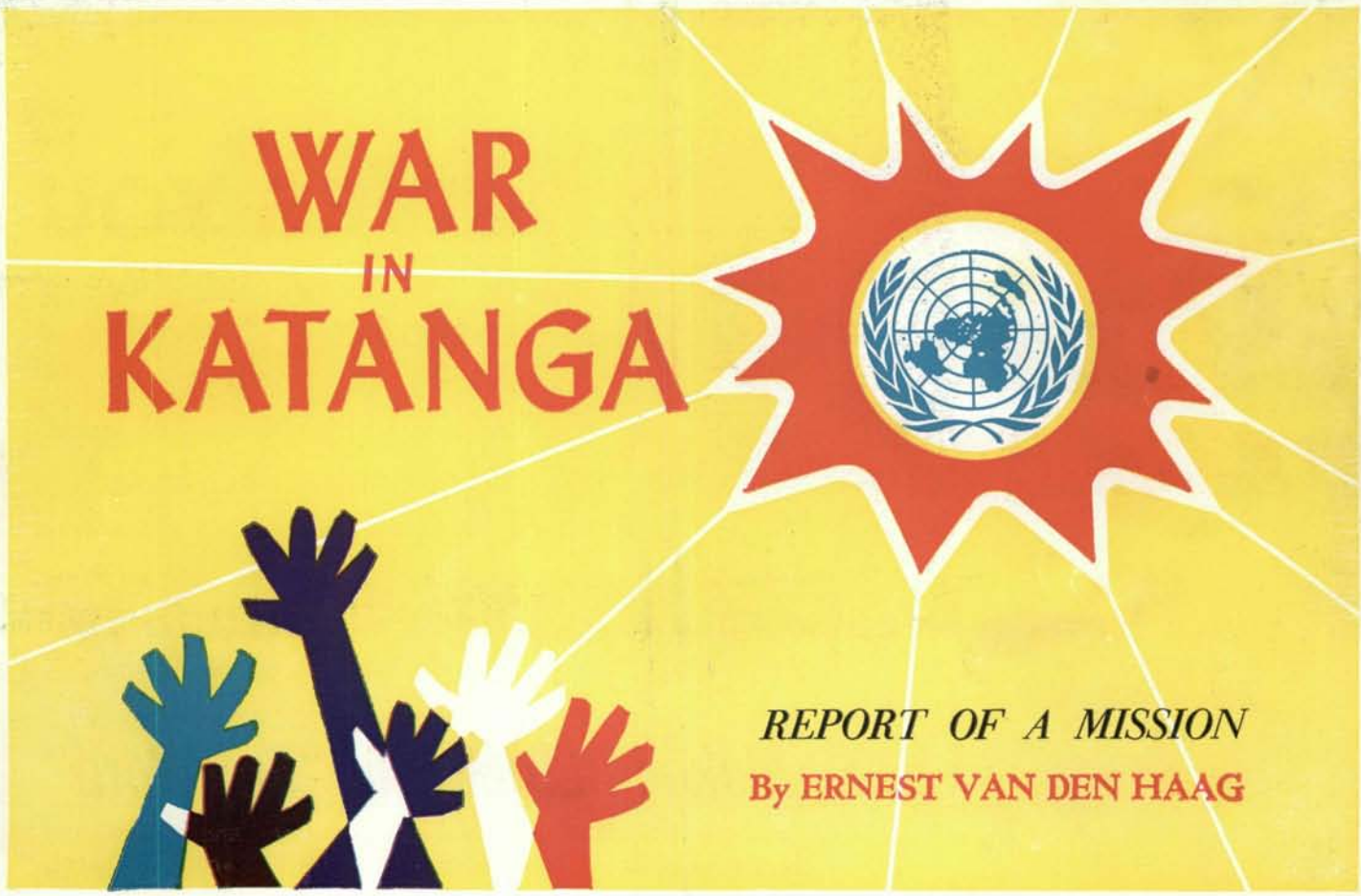
A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION



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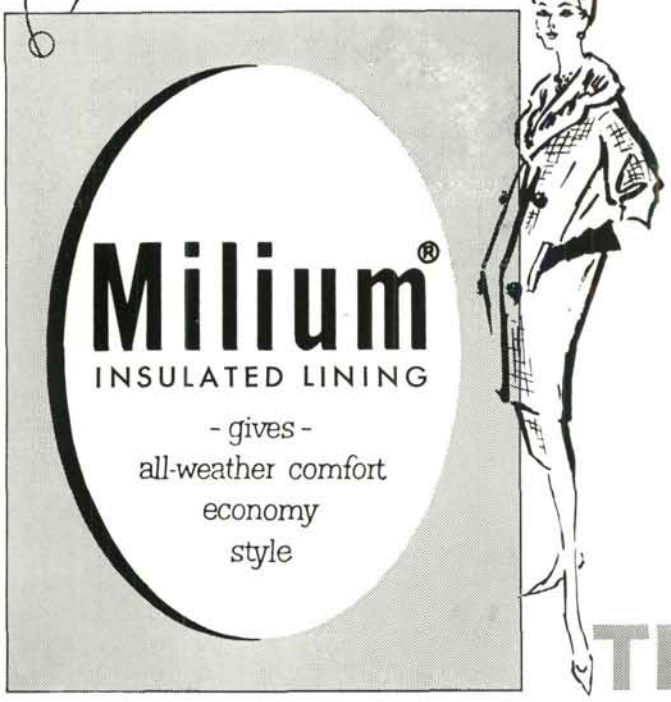

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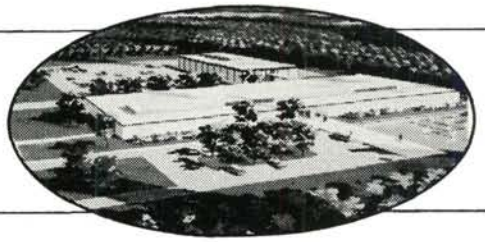

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ We publish extensive excerpts from Prof. **Ernest van den Haag's** report on UN operations in Katanga. At the instance of the American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters, Dr. van den Haag visited Léopoldville and Katanga in December and January. His full report, based on his firsthand observations and his study of the history of the UN's Congo intervention, is now ready for release by the Committee, with whose permission NATIONAL REVIEW presents these sections. Dr. van den Haag is a member of the faculties of New York University and the New School for Social Research, well-known as a social scientist and critic, frequent contributor to both scholarly and general magazines, co-author of the widely used text, *The Fabric of Society*. This van den Haag investigation, by the way, is the first and so far only one made by any person, agency or nation into the Katanga affair. . . . NATIONAL REVIEW's editor, **William F. Buckley Jr.,** continues a dialogue that was left necessarily suspended, from his side, though not as it turned out from Jack Paar's, Hugh Downs' and Gore Vidal's, when he left the NBC studio one night last month to board a plane for Switzerland, where he has been working on a new book.

➔ Sir **Arnold Lunn**, who is rumored to have been born with skis on his feet, tells a tale of the Winter Olympics in the Cold War that suggests many a reflection on the whole problem of "exchange programs." . . . And his countryman **Anthony Lejeune**, a journalist at home in NATIONAL REVIEW'S pages, explains how things now stand between Britain and the Common Market. . . . Cuba and its meaning for our present strategy and policy is the topic of **James Burnham's** column; and **Russell Kirk** levels another sharpened lance at his favorite target, Michigan State's president and premier chickenologist, John Hannah. . . . NATIONAL REVIEW'S poetry editor, **Hugh Kenner,** reports the admirable things that Canada's Stratford is doing with the plays of William Shakespeare.

➔ The book section begins with a controversial review of A. J. P. Taylor's controversial new book by **Stephen Tonsor,** who is professor of Intellectual History at the University of Michigan (not the same, we hasten to add, at Michigan State). . . . **Joan Didion** does justice to Evelyn Waugh's remarkable trilogy about the life, wars and times of Guy Crouchback in a review of its third volume. . . . By an analysis of two new studies, **Elgin Groseclose** considers the problem of economic growth as comparatively exemplified in the Soviet Union and the United States. Mr. Groseclose is himself an economist, associated with the Institute for Monetary Research, and in the past much concerned with the Near and Middle East. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** finds in a new release of an older recording of the *Great Mass in C Minor* Mozart's statement of ultimate, as of musical, faith. ➔

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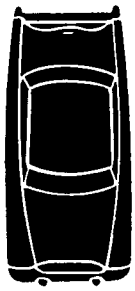

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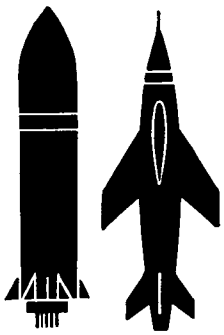

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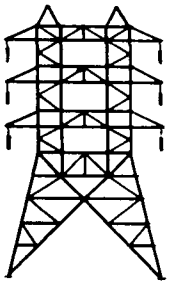

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The WEEK

● Before next January 30 the President hopes to hire 131,361 additional federal civilian employees. Strictly on the basis of their professional qualifications, as any member of the Kennedy family will be only too glad to explain.

● As Brazil continues to steal American assets, many other countries continue to provide favorable conditions for American investment. Last week American Cyanamid announced that a $1 million plant to make animal feed supplements and antibiotics would be built in Nationalist China (a joint venture of Cyanamid and Taiwan Sugar Corporation). Also it was announced that a $22.5 million urea plant would be built on Taiwan as a joint venture of Socony Mobil Oil (35 per cent), Allied Chemical (35 per cent) and Chinese Petroleum Corporation of Taiwan (30 per cent). If a country needs capital, it can invite it by providing the conditions under which it will flourish and by respecting the rights of private property. Or it can steal it and then go begging for handouts: which is the way of Brazil, apparently—a way that has met with so little disapproval in the United States Government that Brazil's fat share of the Alliance for Progress loot is scheduled to go through almost routinely. Which puts Washington into direct opposition to private foreign investment—a queer stance for an Administration that keeps talking about free trade, and its high regard for private enterprise.

● In renamed Santo Domingo, capital city of our new dollar-coddled protégé, mobs carried out routine riots a fortnight ago. Nothing much was wrecked except a couple of U.S. diplomatic buildings and a few autos of U.S. official personnel.

● Jack, Bobby, Pat, Sargent, Ethel, Jackie, Caroline—and now Teddy. On the second weekend in March, Mr. Edward M. ("Teddy") Kennedy announced to the nation on a long television interview (during which he dismissed one question as "irrevelent") that he is a candidate for the United States Senate from Massachusetts. He is thirty years old, has a year's experience in a minor position in the state government, spent some time last summer traveling through Latin America as a sort of unofficial Something or Other. He is a brother of the President. He is a brother of the President. He is a brother . . .

● In a recent Yale poll, students were asked, "Which side is winning the Cold War?" Ten per cent said the U.S. and the West, 75 per cent Russia and the Communist bloc, 11 per cent neither. Forty per cent consider the U.S. stronger militarily than Russia; only 15 per cent feel we are weaker. To the question, "Should the U.S. become more aggressive in the Cold War?" 86 per cent answered, "Yes."

● Adlai Stevenson says he's not sure what critics mean by the phrase "no-win policy." It's the policy advocated by Presidential candidate Stevenson in 1952 and 1956, and with the same results. Okay, Adlai?

● An *NR* reader who follows the Mexican press came across this item the other day in the Hermosillo *El Regional*: "Agustin Barrios Gómez, the well-known journalist of the capital, claims that John H. Glenn was born in Mexico—in Guanajuato, to be more exact, on July 18, 1921. . . . His grandfather, John B. Glenn, was boss of a mine in the neighborhood of that city, and his father, John Glenn II, married in Guanajuato and his first child was born there." Our friend commented: "This may be an error, but then again the image makers may have decided they don't make good enough apple pie in Guanajuato. I saw in a later Mexico City paper that the Governor of Guanajuato State had invited Glenn to come and visit during his forthcoming Mexican vacation, to renew acquaintance with the area where he lived while his pa (grandpa?) managed an American Smelting mine down there. After reading the above, I have noted that the articles never talk about where he was actually born." We reached for the *Time* issue with the Glenn cover story, which happened to be on the desk, and darned if the biographical section didn't begin: "He was raised [*sic*] in New Concord . . ." We love John Glenn even if he was born in Sverdlovsk, but it's sort of fun.

● The U.S. State Department and the Soviet Ministry of Culture have developed an agreement under which they will cooperate to produce Mitchell Wilson's *Meeting at a Far Meridian* as "the first American-Soviet motion picture in history." (For decades the mysterious Mitchell Wilson has been the Soviet Union's most widely read American author, though no one in this country has ever heard of him.) The film will be shot on a bilingual basis, photographed in both countries and have a Russian director who will exercise "an element of control over the production" (*N.Y. Times*, March 9). *Variety* (March 14) described the entire venture as "a precedental Russian-Soviet film co-production." Come, now, no editorializing from the typesetter!

● Heavens to Betsy, the bureaucrats are at it again! The Federal Trade Commission (Docket 8463, Feb. 13, 1962) has really discovered itself a crime. It

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charged Topps Chewing Gum, Inc. with illegally monopolizing the baseball picture card industry "contrary to the public policy of the United States and to the detriment of free and open competition." Just wait till it occurs to someone in the Pure Food and Drug Administration that all-day suckers aren't.

Next Phase Coming Up

The Madison Square Garden Rally—some sights and sounds of which are reported below—marked a major transition in the development both of Young Americans for Freedom and of the great conservative renaissance of which YAF is so significant a part. The contrast between the huge audience that crowded every last row of every highest gallery of New York's largest auditorium and the pitiful counter-rally, organized by Americans for Democratic Action and the Young Democrats, which could not fill half of a hall one-quarter the size, was lost on no one. But the quantitative contrast was perhaps less decisive than the qualitative. The Garden Rally was young (70 per cent of the audience below 30, *Time* reported), vibrant, colorful, alive, and at the same time broadly representative. The rival meeting was dreary; ashamed of itself for the fatality with which its political stand pushed it into a picket line alongside Nazis, Communists and nuts; apathetic in hearing, from Senator Humphrey, who arrived so late that many had drifted off, the stale Liberal platitudes of thirty years ago.

No sect or combination of sects could have staged the Garden Rally, and this the general press understood at once, and was compelled to recognize—as the reporters present, who had come in the prior conviction that the Garden would not possibly be more than half filled, recognized at first hand. One must beware premature conclusions, especially about quantitative relations. Liberalism is still "the Establishment," and an entrenched Establishment carries on by a mechanical momentum that does not need, and in the end cannot arouse, a spontaneous enthusiasm. But the conservative movement has moved from the wings toward the center of the stage.

Along with the opportunities for major performance that it will now find there, difficulties, troubles and dangers will also multiply. YAF in particular is bound to be plunged into both sets, rather quickly now, for the pros now know that YAF is in business: and YAF will inevitably become, in the months ahead, not merely a hunting ground but a battlefield. There should be nothing saddening in that: these will be the exciting pangs of continuing growth, not the dull aches of age. You've got to strain harder as you climb higher, but the view gets better all the way.

And Why Not?

If we know ourselves, we will know what our mission is. If we believe in ourselves, the "will" to carry out that mission will follow as a matter of course. And the orders will go out—

To the Joint Chiefs of Staff: *Prepare for an immediate landing in Havana.*

To the Commander in Berlin: *Tear down The Wall.*

To our chief of mission in the Congo: *Change sides.*

To the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission: *Schedule testing of every nuclear weapon that could conceivably be of service to the military purposes of the West.*

To the Chief of the CIA: *You are to encourage liberation movements in every nation of the world under Communist domination, including the Soviet Union itself. And you may let it be known that when, in the future, men offer their lives for the ideals of the West, the West will not stand idly by.*

And there will be others.

From L. Brent Bozell's address to YAF's Madison Square Garden Rally

Notes from the YAF Rally

New York City, March 7. Madison Square Garden. On the sidewalks, pickets against YAF and pickets against the picketers picketing YAF—all handing out leaflets. Among the anti-YAF pickets: Liberation Committee for Africa (Negro Nationalists), Youth Committee Against the Ultra-Right, Advance (Communist Party youth branch), Nationalist Party, American Nazi Party. Patrolmen, mounted police. No violence.

Chartered buses from Princeton, Yale, other colleges; from the suburbs, Nassau County, New Jersey; from Boston, South Carolina, Washington, D.C.

Cute YAF hostesses (white blouses, blue and red sashes: no black leather jackets for *them!*) welcome you in the lobby. On every one of the Garden's 18,000 seats there is YAF material: brochures, magazine, Rally program, contribution envelope. Will there be enough people to fill those seats? The Rally Band is playing Sousa marches. Some fifty seats for special guests on the speakers' platform. Above it, sixteen huge American flags. The fifty state flags are draped around the arena. Behind the speakers' platform, the enormous banner reading YOUNG AMERICANS FOR FREEDOM RALLY FOR WORLD LIBERATION FROM COMMUNISM.

Eight o'clock. The guests file on stage. The introductory welcome, the invocation, the Star Spangled

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Banner—and then you notice: they all made it: you hear 18,000 voices singing. Then the awards, presented by YAF board members, and the band playing. . . . John Dos Passos says, "When you say conservative today, well, you have to say it with a smile. . . ."

College banners—Shelton, Yale, Princeton, Queens—furl and unfurl. Gorgeous YAF Director Rosemary McGrath gives Governor Edison a kiss along with his award. Stan Evans says, "The twist originated in Washington with the Kennedy Administration—a lot of frantic motion with no visible progress."

A gay crowd. Constant movement in the aisles and around stage. People standing up, waving at friends, pointing out celebrities. More banners: Better Right than Red, Down with the UN, Staten Island YAF. Several thousand Democrats cheering at each disapproving mention of "reformers." A prayer for world liberation from Communism, by Msgr. Francis Costello, representing Cardinal Spellman. Congressman Don Bruce whips the State Department for barring Moise Tshombe. Message from Tshombe is read. Hundreds of reporters, photographers, newsreel men milling about the platform. A few reporters had looked forward to writing up the Rally as a failure; they're looking glum.

NR editor Brent Bozell draws crescendo of cheers with series of instructions to the Government. ABC network taping the whole program (over 100 stations used it). College radio networks, Canadian television getting it all down.

With one sentence Bill Schulz introduces "the conservatives' choice for President, Barry Goldwater!" Cheers, confetti, spotlights, the band playing; 18,000 people stage an eight-minute demonstration. "My credentials," says Barry, "are in order tonight. Dean Rusk gave me a passport for leaving Washington, and Nelson Rockefeller gave me a visa for entering New York." After Barry's speech, more applause and cheers. The benediction; and 18,000 conservatives turn to leave, having *arrived*. To stay!

Hendricks in the *Village Voice*

"I can lick any goddam YAF in the house!"

Of Bonds, and Arms and Men

Well, our late guest, Cyrille Adoula, Premier of all the Congos—the State Department's, shall we say, black-haired boy—shows a tendency to jump the traces whenever his drivers loosen the reins. That wasn't, really, the most ingratiating of moves when he blandly announced that he was planning a tour behind the Iron Curtain. Nor do the movements of his troops into northern Katanga seem the ideal method of bringing peace and order to his troubled subjects.

Then, those bombers! *They* had even the State Department shuddering for forty-eight hours. All of a sudden, on March 8 or so—unbeknownst to anyone except his Premier—one Simon Bohulu, an official of the Léopoldville government, lit off for Belgium and parts west, with the mission of picking up four secondhand American bombers Adoula had bought in California. Adoula had contracted to pay between $300,000 and $400,000—a tidy sum for an insolvent government that is being kept dizzily afloat by U.S. and UN (that is, U.S. once removed) handouts. What's more, the deal included "white airmen" (not "mercenaries," of course: Heaven forbid!) who were to fly the planes over and continue serving as pilots for a couple of months or so. One way or the other, the State Department quashed that indiscretion.

It all does seem to suggest we don't know much about what is going on in the Congo—with our money, prestige, honor and safety at stake—or what has gone on in the past. The report of Professor Ernest van den Haag's mission, parts of which we publish in this issue, does not pretend to be the equivalent of a full judicial inquiry. The resources of the American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters, at whose instance Mr. van den Haag proceeded, are too modest for that. Nevertheless, Mr. van den Haag unearthed, and analyzed, a surprising number of disturbing facts. Incredibly, his investigation is the only one there has been: no one else, and no agency, no government, not the Red Cross or the UN itself or any international committee or commission, has made any attempt to find out what the UN has been doing in the Congo in general and in Katanga particularly, or the whys and wherefores.

No matter how much its findings may be discounted, the van den Haag report proves, at a minimum, that full-scale investigation by competent authority is needed. One phase should be carried out in the Congo itself, perhaps by the International Red Cross or an international commission of jurists. For

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America's Bull

Our friends on *America* have published (Feb. 17) a piece which one might describe as a venture in clerical irredentism. It is the thesis of Fr. Benjamin L. Masse, S.J., a member of the staff of *America,* that no Catholic can be a member of the John Birch Society—not because Robert Welch is cuckoo, but because of Mr. Welch's politico-economic views, as expressed in his Blue Book.

To begin with the most obvious defect of Fr. Masse's argument, it is not necessary to believe in all that is believed by the head of an organization in order to join it. The editors of *America* are all for UNESCO. Well, the first two directors of UNESCO were atheists, and the Popes have *consistently* come out against atheism: should all Catholics, then, have pulled out of UNESCO?

The second category of errors made by Fr. Masse is in assuming that the general economic position taken by Welch, which is borrowed from Ludwig von Mises, F. A. Hayek, *et al,* has been proscribed by "Catholic social doctrine." That is a decrepit misrepresentation which Catholic Liberals have been insinuating for years. What the Popes have in fact condemned is a) anarchy; b) the mystique of economic individualism (the kind of thing Ayn Rand is promoting); c) the notion that the state is *in essence* hostile to freedom; and d) the notion that the economically efficient solution is *necessarily* the proper solution. These are fallacies that have never dominated the pragmatic tradition of American economic liberalism, which holds indeed that historically the state is the principal parasite of the common welfare, but that it is indeed a necessary institution; that properly managed it can and does help to effect liberty; that state interference in the free market place tends under most circumstances to militate against freedom and the common good, but that state interference must not be categorically, merely *presumptively* opposed.

That last is precisely the position of the Popes, every single one of whom, from Leo XII to John XXIII, has affirmed the so-called Principle of Subsidiarity: that no public agency should undertake to do work which can be handled by a private agency; and no higher public agency should undertake to do work which can be handled by a lower public agency. That rule, together with the principles of private property and the rule of law, so frequently stressed by the Popes, are the essence of the economic liberalism of the American Right. Notwithstanding Catholic social doctrine, *America* is constantly urging federal intervention in fields (*e.g.,* medicine, education, housing, labor legislation) over which private and state agencies should, according to the principle of subsidiarity, exercise jurisdiction. (The question must be asked, in all honesty and charity: Why are so many Catholics tagging along with *America?*)

And finally: The papal generalities quoted by Fr. Masse are susceptible of wide interpretations. ". . . free competition . . . clearly cannot direct economic life—a truth which the outcome of the application in practice of the tenets of this evil individualistic spirit has more than sufficiently demonstrated," said Pius XI, quoted triumphantly by Fr. Masse. Prof. F. A. Hayek, among the principal spokesmen for economic liberalism in the world, would not seem to disagree. He writes that "A free system does not exclude *on principle* all those general regulations of economic activity which can be laid down in the form of general rules specifying conditions which everybody who engages in a certain activity must satisfy. . . . This is true of most of the wide field of regulations known as factory legislation." (*Constitution of Liberty,* pp. 224-5.) The argument is prudential: does such-and-such a piece of legislation advance freedom and the general welfare?

Nor are Catholics bound in conscience to agree with every position taken on every such issue by every Pope, provided faith and morals are not involved—as the editors of *Commonweal* pointed out, last fall, criticizing *America's* ultramontanism in connection with the controversy over *Mater et Magistra.* Do Catholic congressmen and Catholic Presidents in this country have to vote for agricultural subsidies, profit sharing, the ILO, foreign aid, merely because an encyclical expressed approval of them—*subject,* presumably, to other general considerations enunciated in the same and in previous encyclicals? Should Catholics resign from organizations that oppose these measures? (Recently *America* raised the question whether any Catholic college should play host to a Catholic who opposed foreign aid!) The kind of particularized interference by the Church in state affairs being urged by Fr. Masse, goes counter to traditional American and traditional Catholic understanding of the proper relationship between Church and state. If the editors of *America* can get their distinguished colleague, Fr. John Courtney Murray, S.J., author of *We Hold These Truths,* to endorse Fr. Masse's analysis, we'll eat their next bound volume.

Meanwhile, the editors of *America* are increasingly taking a Welch-like position towards people who disagree with them: Anyone who disagrees is not really a good Catholic; at best, he is a heathen-symp. *America* announces itself as "the National Catholic Weekly Review." It is well to bear in mind that notwithstanding its heraldic rodomontade, it is merely the voice of one small faction of one great order within the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

W. F. B. Jr.

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the special concerns of Americans, the normal agency is a committee of the Congress.

The UN is technically bankrupt and asks a $200 million loan, primarily because of the unpaid cost of its Congo operation. It is fantastic that we should lend even one of those dollars without knowing what came of those monies spent in the Congo. If evils came, to the Congolese and to us, then it is further fantastic that we should now turn over more money to the UN without any guarantee that it will not bring more evils tomorrow. It is fantastic that we, free citizens of a free country, should allow our chief magistrate and our legislature to act in so irresponsible a manner.

Will we?

Obeisance to Obesity

Mr. Kennedy campaigned for office with the contention that the United States economy was unhealthy, and insufficient to "the Soviet challenge." And the economy does show, as it has shown for years, signs of deep-rooted illness: unemployment persists; corporate profits have done little in a decade; our machinery grows yearly more obsolete; our costs mount; the dollar weakens.

But many actions of the Administration amount to an assault on the foundations of a healthy economic system. Vast increases in unemployment compensation, which the President proposes, surely cannot be considered incentives to get people to go to work. Aid to "depressed areas" surely restricts the free flow of economic factors to the areas where they are most in demand. The arbitrary application of antitrust laws, which are both vague and all-encompassing, cannot but inhibit the imagination and daring of management. A dogmatic opposition to mergers must delay the efficiencies that result from them. Continuing budgetary deficits will promote inflation, which discourages savings, the fresh blood of capital growth. The President's tax proposals include an awkward and lopsided modification of the depreciation allowance, instead of a drastic increase: our tax law now limits industry to the lowest depreciation allowances of any industrialized Western nation. Personal income tax rates remain at levels that discourage innovation and distort fiscal behavior.

The President proposes that industry start withholding a portion of dividends and interest payable to stockholders and creditors—a burden with unimaginable administrative complexities. Unions continue to strike irresponsibly, and the Administration has yet to say a real "No" to any demand by organized labor. The unions publicly oppose the Railroad Commission's report on union featherbedding, without reproof from the Administration.

All of this adds up to a picture of self-indulgence. It surely is not the kind of action to be expected in an Administration that pledges itself to counter a "challenge" and that calls on the people to make "sacrifices." Our response to the astronautical challenge was not that of a pampered brat (although the labor unions at missile sites got away with a certain amount of juvenile tyranny). The government, the technicians, and the astronauts had no twenty-hour week. John Glenn relinquished his family life to pour himself into his assignment; ran two miles before breakfast (and he's 40); lost some fifty pounds; risked his life.

If the Administration and the Congress and the nation as a whole are proud of the performance of John Glenn, and if we wish to think ourselves worthy of the services of such a man, let us not delude ourselves: we are letting him down, grievously, and perhaps dangerously. For the soldier who is hardened and leaned into battle condition cannot be supported by a nation that wallows in its own obesity.

And Keep Your Powder Dry

An outsider (that Martian, say) would be willing to give, you'd think, a thousand to one that we are going to resume our nuclear tests in the atmosphere next month (and about time, too, wouldn't you say?). The orders have gone out to the special task force; the men and machines, from home laboratory to mid-Pacific, are in motion. Nearly every day a scientist or general or congressman reveals more of the evidence to prove how imperatively our security demands the tests, how utterly irresponsible the long moratorium has been.

And those odds are probably about right. It seems politically, one might even add morally, inconceivable that the President should now back down. But Mr. Kennedy left himself an out, a line of one more retreat, in his announcement. It is to be noted that the opponents of test resumptions by us, including those opponents who are encapsulated in the top rungs of Mr. Kennedy's Administration, have not given up. They have seized on the President's equivocal offer to call the tests off even now if Khrushchev will say Yes to some sort of test ban agreement. They are sheltered by the sentimental clouds of disarmament fog that Adlai Stevenson is verbalizing almost daily. They will persist in their Presidential softening-up operations until the countdown ends on the first test explosion; and they won't stop then, for that matter.

So don't take anything for granted. In his almost-decision the President speaks for the immense majority of his countrymen. It is well to keep reminding him so.

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Operation Snow Removal

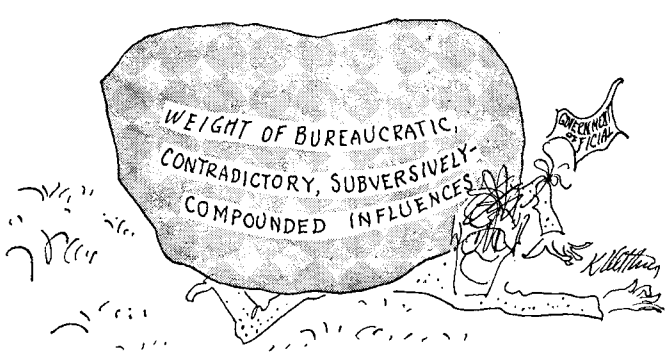
As literary vendettists, the British are superb; with a flick of the wrist and a delicate slash they can disembowel an opponent as neatly as they trim a cucumber sandwich for a Buckingham Palace tea party. So it was good news last week when one of the top duelists, the distinguished literary critic F. H. Leavis, a Reader in English at Cambridge, took out after Sir Charles Percy Snow, a scientist turned novelist who has promoted himself as one of Britain's reigning literary greats through a series of ponderous, middlebrow, pseudo-philosophic novels.

In a farewell lecture at Downing College, Cambridge (to a small, but select audience, which was part of his ploymanship), Mr. Leavis disposed of C. P. Snow's literary pretensions by announcing that, "as a novelist, C. P. Snow doesn't begin to exist." "Snow's books," he went on, "must be composed for him by an electronic brain called Charlie, into which the instructions are fed in the form of chapter headings." And the critical fallout was, as you would guess, tremendous.

But far more important was Mr. Leavis' thoughtful criticism of the "two cultures" thesis which Sir Charles outlined in his now-celebrated Rede Lectures in 1959. In them, Snow maintained that society is dividing into two cultures, one scientific and one literary. He suggested that, given advancing technologies and the increasing complexities of modern life, science would and should become the predominant culture; the scientists, the new ruling elite. It was a major boost for the thesis the atomic physicists have been pushing ever since Hiroshima: that the scientists should not only build bombs but decide what to do with them; that the scientists should, in short, rule the world. Sir Charles' inflated reputation gave this position a seeming imprimatur.

Mr. Leavis deplored the intellectual climate that had allowed Sir Charles to assume a role of "master mind and sage." He contended that the advance of science means a future change so momentous that it is more than ever essential that mankind be in possession not of mere technical competence but of a "full humanity" to cope with it. The Rede Lectures, Mr. Leavis concluded, exhibited "an utter lack of intellectual distinction and embarrassing vulgarity of style."

Sir Charles was so astounded by this *lèse majesté* that he has so far only spluttered in reply.



"As you can see, the important thing is not to Remove the Weight but to keep Pondering whether 'Under Communist Pressure' or 'Under Communist Control' is the precise phrase to describe my predicament!"

Notes and Asides

(E. H. Wall, a young friend of ours who has been teaching logic at the Queens College School of General Studies, has the old-fashioned idea that the principles of his subject can be applied to everyday problems as well as to the textbook examples. He has often asked his students to sharpen their logical wits on this or that from the daily press. He sent in the following sample exercise, which he calls "Frontier Fallacies.")

Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Carl T. Rowan spoke in Philadelphia recently in defense of Mr. Kennedy's Katanga policy. Mr. Rowan assured his audience that there was a "clever, big-money" Katanga lobby in New York that was making things difficult for the New Frontier.

"It is extremely revealing," Mr. Rowan said, "to look at the sources of support for Tshombe and his policy of secession. In the United States we have a conglomeration of arch-conservatives: people who oppose the income tax; avowed defenders of racial segregation; opponents of fluoridation; those who want to destroy the Supreme Court, largely because of its ruling on school segregation, and so forth."

My, but this is a child's garden of fallacies. First, note the fallacy—or more properly, propaganda device—of the *nasty adjective* in "clever, big money" lobby. Note too, an old stand-by, *name-calling:* "arch-conservative." Why not just "conservative"? Why the prejudicial superlative? Again, here's the *genetic fallacy* or the device of *damning the origin:* "look at the sources of support for Tshombe," etc. On this view, the important thing is not *what* is said, but *who* says it, its origin or source. This is the fallacy Plato scored in his *Phaedrus* when Socrates rebuked his student because "you seem to consider not whether a thing is or is not true, but who the speaker is. . . ."

But Mr. Rowan goes on to better, or at least, more clever devices in listing those to be damned. The people who support Tshombe, the people Mr. Rowan doesn't like, are: 1) people who oppose the income tax and those who oppose the fluoridation of water; 2) avowed defenders of racial segregation; 3) those who want to destroy the Supreme Court, largely because of its decision on school segregation. While Mr. Rowan lumps them together rather indiscriminately, I think it better

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to place these people in separate categories. One thus avoids the *guilt by association* which I suspect Mr. Rowan hoped for in lumping the groups together. For I suspect Mr. Rowan hoped that the unpopularity which greets "avowed defenders of racial segregation" might rub off on opponents of income taxes and of fluoridation—and of course, on all who presume to oppose Mr. Kennedy's policy in Katanga. In propaganda, this device is known as *transfer*.

Mr. Rowan is next guilty of the fallacy of *ignoring the issue*, that is, of raising completely irrelevant issues. One is, after all, hard pressed to see how on earth one's position on income taxes or the fluoridation of water has the slightest relevance to supporting or opposing Mr. Kennedy's Katanga policy. Does Mr. Rowan seriously suggest that there is some logical connection between opposing the addition of fluorides to the water supply and favoring the secession of Katanga? I have taught logic for several years, but frankly such implication eludes me.

Assuming, however, that Mr. Rowan would concede that the two issues are not related, why does he attempt to tie together such mutually irrelevant questions? Is it that he hopes to cash in on leftover prejudices from other areas of public concern? If so, he is indeed a sophist.

Further, the reference to those "who want to destroy the Supreme Court," is irresponsible. It is an instance of the device called *exaggeration*. Mr. Rowan may have reference to those who wish to impeach Mr. Justice Warren, but certainly to wish to impeach Mr. Warren is not identical with wanting to "destroy the Supreme Court." Mr. Rowan's allusion is supportable only on the assumption that Mr. Justice Warren and the United States Supreme Court are identical entities. One is not prepared to grant such an assumption out of hand.

As for the imputation of motive to those charged with opting for the "destruction" of the Court ("largely because of its ruling on school segregation"), this is merely an *appeal to emotion*. One wonders if, in Mr. Rowan's mind, one may not oppose a Supreme Court decision as bad law—even the school segregation decision—without being treated to the less than subtle implication that one is thereby a bigot. In any event, Mr. Rowan is tarring with a broad brush, one fears; and his ready appeal to emotion, reliance on propaganda devices and fallacies, these leave one with the impression of sheer, unmitigated sophistry.

Not to end on a negative note, I propose to our various New Frontiersmen the following dilemma upon which to sharpen their logic and correct their discourse:

If X engages in sophistry and does not know it, then X is not intellectually well enough equipped to be in public service;

If X engages in sophistry and does know it, then X is not intellectually honest enough to be in public service.

X engaged in sophistry and he either knew it or not.

Therefore, on either alternative, X should not be in public service.

E. H. WALL

For the Record

There's a story—probably a headline story—behind ouster of William Woodward as Assistant Secretary of State for Latin Affairs. Very few in Washington know-how believe reason given: that Woodward didn't proceed fast enough with Alliance for Progress program. Many say it was Woodward's public resentment at Brazilian expropriation of U.S. telephone company. Soft faction wants to play down incident. . . . Cocktail circuit on Capitol Hill has it State Secretary Dean Rusk will be gone before next Congress convenes. . . . Also possibly headed for exit, Ambassador to India John K. Galbraith (his S.E. Asia meddling gets in Gen. Taylor's hair). . . . Richard Nixon formally censured by Young Republicans of Los Angeles County for his attack on Right. . . . First Texas newspaper poll of upcoming Democratic primary shows Gen. Walker running fifth, with less than 10 per cent of vote. Leader in crowded field, Gov. Price Daniel with 33 per cent. . . . In hotly contested Maryland GOP primary, vigorous young conservative James Gleason, former aide to Sen. Knowland, faces uphill fight against veteran Rep. Theodore Miller (also a conservative) who has organization support, heavier financial backing. Other two GOP contenders given no chance.

Recent defection of Chinese Communist pilot to Formosa well-prepared. Pilot (in MiG-17) made rendezvous with Free China planes many miles from mainland and was escorted to preselected airfield. . . . South Vietnamese fighting during fortnight early this month resulted in more than 1,000 casualties. . . . Japan, Thailand, the Philippines anxious about identity of new U.S. Ambassador to Taiwan. If man less friendly to Free Chinese than Ambassador Drumright is appointed, they'll take it as weakened U.S. anti-Communist posture. . . . Only major speech Fidel Castro allowed to make in recent weeks was announcement of stringent, unpopular new rationing measures.

Andorra has budgeted exactly $4.90 for defense in current fiscal year—that's what it will cost to buy blank cartridges to fire at ceremonial events.

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From Washington Straight

CATO

Heavy guns in the Administration are being brought to bear on Democratic Representatives Edwin Boland (*Mass.*) and B. F. Sisk (*Cal.*) to soften what threatens to be a tough stand toward trade with the Soviet Union and the satellites by Rep. Paul Kitchen's Select Committee on Export Controls. Kitchen, a hard-line anti-Communist, and Republicans Delbert Latta and Glen Lipscomb, favor adoption of a report which will recommend a near-absolute embargo on trade with the Sino-Soviet bloc. But Boland and Sisk haven't declared themselves as yet.

Lipscomb last week disclosed to the House that the United States has—in effect—been paying for Soviet jeeps and heavy duty trucks to be used by Communist Cuba. The way this Rube-Goldbergish situation came about is this: The World Health Organization and its regional representative, the Pan American Health Organization, have supplied Castro Cuba with 16 two-ton heavy duty Russian trucks and 32 four-wheel-drive Russian jeeps under WHO's Malaria Eradication Special Account, for which the U.S. foots 90 per cent of the bill. To add icing to the cake: Soviet Russia refused to make the jeeps and trucks available to WHO unless WHO could guarantee that the vehicles would go to Cuba and no other country. In addition, it was specified that the jeeps, which one would have thought would be equipped to carry anti-malarial spraying equipment, should be used to carry "supervisory" personnel (and just possibly, a couple of Fidelista militiamen).

(In the State Department White Paper on Cuba, in which the military equipment in Cuba was described in detail, State reported: "The Department does not consider it appropriate to take any measure to prevent the delivery of vehicles for use in the malaria eradication program.")

Lipscomb sums it up: "The result is that not only is the United States standing by, instead of acting to halt the flow of equipment to Cuba with a high military potential, but the U.S. taxpayer is at the same time contributing heavily toward footing the bill. This in my opinion is an intolerable, incomprehensible situation."

Francis Gary Powers' one-day-stand on Capitol Hill raised far more questions than it answered. With both Democratic and Republican senators stumbling over each other in the rush to tell Powers what a great fellow he is (notable exceptions: Strom Thurmond and Barry Goldwater, who walked out of the hearings) it became obvious that CIA had prepared its ground carefully before releasing Powers to the Senate.

The matter is now officially closed if the Administration can make that closure stick, but lots of influential people on the Hill are still unsatisfied. If the groveling show Powers put on at his Moscow trial, with all the world looking on, is what CIA expects of its agents, then, say several congressmen, the regulations should be changed. They don't mean to let CIA off the hook so easily.

A campaign to free convicted Communist Junius Scales is gaining steam here in Washington. Latest blow was a full-page ad in the *Washington Post* urging President Kennedy to exercise executive clemency for the first Communist imprisoned under the "force and violence" provisions of the Smith Act. The line the clemency brigade takes is that Scales left the Party in 1957, four years before he was convicted. But since his departure from the Party (if he has departed) Scales has shown no signs of repentance. In a *National Guardian* interview last fall, for instance, he commented on his Party career: "I can't say that I regret any of it. We did a lot of good things."

On March 7, Representative Francis Walter, Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, took official cognizance of the free-Scales move in a blistering speech from the floor of the House. Walter went over, once lightly, Scales' long history of service to the Communist Party and mentioned just one incident which shook the assembled representatives: that Scales was present at a meeting of a secret Communist training school (of which he was the director) in which the pupils were taught picket line techniques, including how to kill an opponent by stabbing a pencil point into his throat.

"I can only conclude," said Walter, "from the great volume of nonsense that is being circulated by the clemency-for-Scales crowds that [this] peculiar breed of Americans is not so much on a mission of mercy as it is just plain galled that an anti-Communist law of the land has been upheld by the Supreme Court. Not so long ago many of these people were upbraiding everyone who didn't subscribe completely to the law of the land [*Brown* v. *Board of Education*] in another issue. Is there no limit to the double standard employed by the peculiar breed of bleeding-heart Americans?"

Senator Barry Goldwater is positively watering at the mouth in anticipation of getting his hands on, and looking into, a soft-cover book on foreign policy, *The Liberal Papers,* which Doubleday is publishing. Written by twelve congressmen (five of whom have since been retired) its contributors include among others: self-appointed HUAC enemy-in-chief James Roosevelt and former Castro buddy Charles O. Porter. Advance copies of the book have fallen into what can only be termed "unfriendly" hands, and are expected to provide reams of ammunition for Goldwater, in his battle against left-wing extremists in the Administration.

Among the suggestions the authors make: that the United States share the Dewline radar network with the Soviet Union; that Quemoy and Matsu be turned over "to the proper authorities in the mainland." A thread running through the book is that American intransigence is responsible for the Cold War. (You know if we'd only give in then there'd be nothing to fight about.) What makes this fair game for Senator Goldwater is that three of the ex-congressmen are now holding down important jobs in the Kennedy Administration.

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The UN War in Katanga

What actually happened in Katanga? Who started the fighting? What was our motive in supporting the UN? — a dispassionate, on-the-spot report

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

With the permission of the American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters, we publish the following excerpts from the report on UN policy and operations in Katanga, prepared for the Committee by Dr. Ernest van den Haag. On behalf of the Committee, Dr. van den Haag visited the Congo at the beginning of this year, in the aftermath of the December fighting. The complete report of the van den Haag mission contains, besides more extended treatment of the topics dealt with in these excerpts, data and analysis concerning the background of the Congo developments, the history of the UN's Congo policies and intervention, etc., together with affidavits, photographs and documents bearing on UN actions in Katanga. Copies of the full report, priced at $1.50, may be obtained from: American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters, 79 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Early in January 1962 I visited the Congo on behalf of the American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters, which had been formed in December 1961, when United Nations troops, supported by the United States, were conducting active military operations in Katanga Province.

The nine days I actually spent in the Congo—half in Adoula's Léopoldville, half in Tshombe's Elisabethville—did not make me an expert. Nevertheless, I learned a great deal and modified my views in some ways—enough to convince me that few UN diplomats would have voted to attack Katanga had they seen for themselves what happened there. Unfortunately, first-hand study is unpopular in UN circles. Thus, even Dr. Sture Linner, then chief UN representative in the Congo, had not visited Elisabethville when I saw him. Perhaps that had made it easier for him to authorize what turned out to be the sacking of that once beautiful and peaceful city. Dr. Linner, himself, was told to conquer Elisabethville by diplomats who had never set foot in Katanga. Finally, the actual attack was organized by Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, whose press statements suggest that somehow he was under the impression that he was fighting against England. (Described to me as a brilliant and zealous man, O'Brien appears to have been far more schooled in anti-British folklore than in African realities.) The whole thing reminds one of Evelyn Waugh's comic novels—except that the killings were not fiction, which made it hard for the Katangans to laugh.

Certainly Assistant Secretaries Carl T. Rowan and G. Mennen Williams would not have found it so easy to shrug off the murders and robberies committed by UN troops in Elisabethville had they seen the city under UN occupation after the attack. I am confident, too, that our State Department would not have supported the UN military operations had it known about the combination of savagery and incompetence with which they were carried out. All the public relations departments in the world will not convince otherwise anyone who has seen for himself. . . .

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1. Léopoldville

Mr. Edmund Gullion, our ambassador to the Congo, made an excellent case for our current policy. As he expounded them, the aims of that policy—reunion of the Congo in a freely negotiated federation; defeat of Communist intrigue, violence and influence—are entitled to the support of every American citizen. I retained much doubt about the means we used—which were often more apt to defeat than to achieve these aims. Nor did it seem that alternative policies have been sufficiently considered in the event that our estimate of Premier Adoula's aims or abilities should prove wrong, or that the UN should be persuaded again to attack in Katanga. I have no doubt, though, that in Mr. Gullion we have an able, dedicated—and overworked—ambassador.

I had a long and friendly conversation with Dr. Sture Linner. (In February Dr. Linner was replaced by Mr. Robert Gardiner.) Well-meaning and dedicated, this former professor of the Classics was trying to make the best of the chaotic, pretentious and costly organization left by his predecessor, Mr. Rajeshwar Dayal. (Dayal is held in universal contempt in Léopoldville, where he is regarded as snobbish, prejudiced, incompetent and power-drunk.) Dr. Linner managed to improve matters considerably. Still, the UN overpays many of its employees (largely at American expense), occupies the best building in town and, to some extent, gives the impression of rivaling rather than assisting the Congolese Government. Some of its hastily recruited personnel are of dubious ability; others are imbued with anti-Belgian and assorted other prejudices; no doubt most are conscientious and competent.

Of course, Dr. Linner had to act on vague and inconsistent directives from the deliberative bodies of the UN. He too was overworked and, not having been in Elisabethville, inclined to shrug off as "propaganda"

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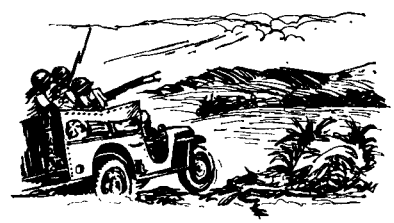
the outcries against the savagery of his troops there. When I mentioned complaints against Ethiopian troops, he countered that an Ethiopian general was investigating them. I do not have much confidence in the accused investigating themselves. I found it hard to believe that Dr. Linner has. I was informed later that the Ethiopian troops have no organization providing for military justice; yet the soldiers have *de facto* immunity from prosecution and trial by any other judicial body. The UN has not seen fit to set up any organization to process complaints by civilians against its troops. In effect, then, any UN soldier has a license to murder and rob in Katanga— unless his superiors check him. Unfortunately, they have not done so effectively. (The Gurkha troops must be excepted: they acted vigorously, but observed scrupulously the rules of warfare and of civilized behavior.) No known punishment has been meted out to uniformed UN malefactors.

When I mentioned to Dr. Linner a telegram signed by 48 Elisabethville physicians protesting atrocities alleged to have been committed by his troops there, Dr. Linner doubted that there were that many physicians in Elisabethville. I found later that there are 51. I spoke with ten I selected at random from the full list. All confirmed their signatures and the facts alleged in the telegram. I mention this to suggest that even a sensible man of good will—as I am convinced Dr. Linner is—may become prejudiced, particularly if he is so overworked that he finds no time to investigate on the spot.

Since the UN has ceased to be a neutral in Congolese affairs and has become a belligerent, a neutral organization—such as the International Red Cross—should be asked to deal with complaints against its troops.

Dr. Linner had no satisfactory explanation for the UN leniency—not to say indulgence—which left unpunished all the crimes of the Stanleyville pro-Communist Gizenga group, including the murder of thirteen Italian airmen, of missionaries, and of many indigenous political opponents. The failure of the UN to deter further crimes by punishment, or to protect the prospective victims, or to take any preventive measures, led to more and worse atrocities by Stanleyville soldiers. However, Linner referred to the UN resolutions ordering him to get rid of "mercenaries" to explain the contrasting harshness, which he minimized, of the military action against the comparatively peaceful Katanga Province.

There was an instructive discussion about the word "mercenary." Dr. Linner first defined "mercenaries" as "people paid for fighting." When I noted that this would make all the officers of the United States Army forces "mercenaries," Dr. Linner declared that "mercenaries" fight for a country not their own. I noted that this might possibly make the UN troops more "mercenary" than the Katanga troops. Dr. Linner finally specified that "mercenaries" are soldiers motivated solely by pay.



Although admiring the ability of the UN public relations staff to uncover the secrets of the human heart and find out what makes men fight (when they don't fight for the UN), I remained puzzled: why did the UN not offer more pay to the Katanga "mercenaries" for not fighting, than the Katanga government offered for fighting? Surely if they are interested only in money, the "mercenaries" would lay down their arms. Financially, this would be less costly than military action. Further, the civilian population would be spared suffering; the UN, defeat and/or disrepute. To attack a vast population with planes, mortars, bazookas and machine guns for the sake of removing a few people from their midst is surely sadistic under these circumstances. It was also unsuccessful.

Dr. Linner refused to discuss my suggestion. I am forced to conclude that he has little faith in his own official view of the "mercenary" nature of the white officers and specialists fighting with the Katanga army. As will be shown below, the "mercenary" issue was a transparent pretext for a UN action that had less silly and more far-reaching aims.

A half-hour conversation with Premier Adoula convinced me that he is a skilled and intelligent politician who might well help his country to become viable. However, the Premier was more guarded than informative. Whenever I asked about his future policies, he told me that these were up to Parliament. When I asked how he intended to use his influence on Parliament, he evaded the question further. He insisted that President Tshombe's actions in Katanga were impermissible because unconstitutional. He was unwilling, however, to be reminded of the Tananarive agreement in which he and others stated that the *loi fondamentale,* fashioned by Belgians and imposing centralized government, was not viable and had to be changed.

Nevertheless, Premier Adoula assured me of his desire for reconciliation and his willingness to bury the past. I asked why he had sent Egyde Bocheley-Davidson as "commissioner" to rule Katanga when he hoped that the UN would conquer it for him. This deputy had been accused in the past by President Kasavubu of atrocities; and he is a member of the pro-Communist Gizenga group. Mr. Adoula did not defend his past action (or his "commissioner") but indicated that he has no intention of repeating it and does not think that any more commissioners will be sent to Katanga. He has since spoken more belligerently before the UN.

It should not again be American policy to help subjugate Katanga for Premier Adoula. We are lucky that, so far, Katanga has held at bay the UN forces which we supported; else Katanga would now be under the rule of a pro-Gizenga (*i.e.,* pro-Soviet) Communist "commissioner." . . .

2. *Elisabethville*

The American Consul, Lewis Hoffacker, met me upon my arrival in Elisabethville. It was my privilege to see Mr. Hoffacker daily while in Elisabethville. When I observed the tireless patience, firmness, friendliness, and, not least, sheer physical stamina of our consul, I felt great pride in being an American. By his exceptional gifts of character and mind, and his literally ceaseless work,

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Mr. Hoffacker, assisted by a highly competent staff, seems well on the way to restoring American prestige in Elisabethville, where it has fallen low, owing to our support of the UN actions and also, I was told by residents, to grave faults and errors of our previous consul. Mr. Hoffacker is held in universal esteem in the strife-torn city (a difficult accomplishment); I cannot think of anyone more deserving of it.

In Elisabethville I saw President Moise Tshombe, Godefroid Munongo, his Minister of Interior, and most members of his cabinet. I was deeply impressed by President Tshombe's eloquence and resoluteness, and by the blunt vigor and intelligence of his Interior Minister. In conversation, Messrs. Tshombe and Munongo made clear a) that Katanga wished to retain at least a degree of internal autonomy somewhere between that of a Swiss canton and an American state; b) that Katanga wanted to remain part of the Congo, and seceded only when this condition was denied and a dictatorial pro-Communist and lawless government of gangsters seemed to prevail under Lumumba; c) that negotiation, and probably agreement, with Adoula was possible, provided the UN ceased to threaten further military attacks.

In Elisabethville, I also saw a number of physicians and lawyers, nurses and patients, the provincial prosecutor and a great number of white and colored residents. I visited the nearby Baluba camp under the guidance of Major Arne Forslund, and I spoke with a number of Balubas. I met for all-too-brief a time with Mr. Brian Urquhart, the local UN representative. I visited all the hospitals of the city and numerous houses, missions and churches. I met with the Roman Catholic vicar (the Archbishop was in the interior), with Rabbi Levy, spiritual head of the Jewish community, and the Reverend Leonard Robinson of the Seventh Day Adventist mission. I met the rector of the local university, Dr. Frankiel, and several of his professors and students.

When I arrived, economic activity was still paralyzed in Elisabethville. Belgian technicians were afraid to venture out because they were often arbitrarily arrested as "mercenaries" by UN troops. Native workers are afraid of the Ethiopian troops, I fear with reason. Many of the productive establishments have been severely damaged by mortar and bazooka shells. Others were still occupied by UN troops, which prevented resumption of normal productive activities. The Union Minière installations in Elisabethville, greatly damaged, were

Tshombe: "eloquence and resoluteness"

not working, although the corporation continued to pay its workers. A great number of private residences—white and Negro—also were damaged by shells. Missions, churches and hospitals were severely damaged. Many establishments and residences had to be abandoned. If all the houses, churches, hospitals, etc., I saw damaged in every quarter of the city really were used by snipers, as the UN maintains, President Tshombe is to be congratulated on the universality of his support. It seems as likely that the UN soldiers became hysterical when resisted, unless one accepts the local idea—unfortunately not altogether unreasonable—that they wanted to terrorize Elisabethville. They nearly succeeded.

Now, once firing starts, it is of course hard to determine where a shell comes from. A ballistic expert might know; but I am not one. Still, the following seems to me rather well established:

a) the basic responsibility for injury rests with the original aggressor;

b) the second military action, initiated Dec. 5, 1961, was due largely to mutual suspicion, generated by the previous (September) action: each party felt that the other was about to attack, and thought it was acting pre-emptively.

c) however, it is undisputed that the first military action, begun Sept. 13, 1961, which brought the second in its wake, was a military attack by the UN forces against the Katanga forces and ultimately the population of Elisabethville;

d) the general responsibility for the injuries and damages that occurred during the periods of combat therefore rests on the UN forces. Katanga has a rightful claim to reparations.

Apart from the casualties of combat, a number of acts which are unrelated to any legitimate military purpose appear to have been committed by the UN forces. These include:

a) deliberate murder of unarmed, non-combatant civilians, white and black, including women and children;

b) deliberate injury, rape and robbery of unarmed civilian non-combatants, white and black;

c) damage to buildings, including hospitals, churches, and business establishments which were not, and could not reasonably be believed to be, used for military purposes:

d) shooting at ambulances;

e) thefts;

f) arbitrary arrests.

The impression is overwhelming, and overwhelmingly shared, that the UN troops, quite apart from legitimate acts of war, and from excusable mistakes, committed a number of illegitimate and inexcusable acts. These acts to this day remain unpunished. Nor has the UN seen fit to acknowledge them, investigate them, to establish individual responsibility for them or to offer compensation. Therefore the UN must assume responsibility for the individual culprits whom it has refused to identify.

I was not present during the period of active warfare, which had ended a few days before my arrival. However, I spoke with many people who were. When time permitted, I obtained affidavits stating what they themselves had seen and experienced. I also visited hospitals and spoke with some of the victims of repulsively sadistic acts committed by the UN soldiers. I saw the injuries with my own eyes. I have no reason whatever to doubt the testimony of the victims as to the circumstances in which the injuries were inflicted. It is hard to speak, as I did, with a mother whose husband was killed at home in her presence (she was being raped) with

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bayonets by UN Ethiopian soldiers. She was in the hospital to help take care of her six-year-old child, severely wounded by Ethiopian bayonets. A child's bayonet wounds are hardly due to having been suspected of being a "mercenary" or combatant. I cannot believe that such actions merited the American support they received; or that this is the way peace and order will be established in the Congo. It is equally hard to explain as a military act the murder of an 87-year-old Belgian woman, Mme. Joseph Derriks, at her home.[1] . . .

3. UN Conduct in Katanga

Parts of the UN operation were and remain useful to the world and to the Congo. But the UN also fostered disorder, intervened in Congolese domestic affairs on the side of Communism and centralism (on behalf of those of its members who were so disposed), and attempted to force the surrender of Katanga to the Central Government by military aggression. In this action, the original purpose was betrayed and a disservice rendered to the Congo and the world.

If both Communism and civil war were avoided, this is due to a) the defeat by the Congolese of the UN attempt to sustain the Lumumba Government; b) the defeat of Ghanaian intervention by the Congolese without UN support; c) the defeat of the original UN attack on Katanga and the continued Katangan resistance.

It was not Mr. Dayal, the UN representative, who opposed the Lumumba-Gizenga government, not even when it was engaged in obviously illegal acts. It was President Kasavubu, over Mr. Dayal's strenuous opposition and attempts to interfere, who dismissed Lumumba despite the threat of direct UN intervention. Lumumba did not regain power thereafter, owing to Kasavubu's shrewdness and Colonel Mobuto's decisiveness, supported by Tshombe's stand: secession rather than knuckling under to Lumumba. Lumumba's own errors and those of his foreign supporters also deserve credit. The UN does not. The most it did was to recognize what had happened, and this with considerable reluctance.

Developments up to the present suggest caution with regard to future UN actions in the Congo. So far, UN activity there has probably fostered as much violence as it has prevented. The UN came as, but hardly acted as, a force for peace. The UN forces started the two biggest military actions which have taken place in the Congo. Not least, the behavior of UN occupation troops toward the civilian population there compares unfavorably with, say, the behavior of the Indian troops in Goa, or of American troops in Japan.

At the present writing, it seems possible that the Central Government of Premier Cyrille Adoula may gain control over the Stanleyville region and Oriental Province. This is not because of UN action: there was none. If, however, it be attributed to the UN's patience—*i.e.*, inaction—why did the UN not feel that similar patience would have healed the breach between Katanga and the Central Government? Patience with Stanleyville was maintained in the face of many murders and atrocities. Those regions of Katanga in which the UN attack took place were calm. Patience toward Katanga would have spared the population much unnecessary suffering. Yet the UN was patient only in relation to Stanleyville, where intervention could have saved the Congolese people from unbelievably savage acts.

The State Department insists that the ability of the Adoula government to deal with Gizenga depended on a UN victory in Katanga: *i.e.*, the ability of the Central Government to deal with Communists and lawless bands rests on the defeat of law-abiding anti-Communists. On the face of it, this contention is odd. It seems odder still if we remember that the original Katanga secession was a reaction to Lumumba's lawless and pro-Communist government. This secession was recognized by President Kasavubu and his Central Government, which were in explicit accord with the Katanga government.

As for the UN, far from helping, it probably delayed the establishment of a democratic and federated Congo republic. The UN a) first helped the pro-Communist and lawless factions actively (Lumumba); b) then indulged them passively (Gizenga); c) and finally attacked the orderly and anti-Communist factions. By promising and actually delivering military (albeit unsuccessful) support as an *alternative* to negotiations, the UN delayed peaceful agreement between Katanga and the rest of the Congo, and fostered civil war.

How much of the UN's unilateral belligerence in the Congo must be attributed to intrigues within the UN, how much to incompetence and prejudice, will be for later historians to find out. Certainly State Department support for these UN Katanga actions was not in the American interest. The explanation for the State Department's support lies in a) incompetence; b) an unjustifiable feeling (no one would be willing to pre-

Among the Findings of the van den Haag Mission

1. UN military action in Katanga was not "in self-defense."
2. UN military action in Katanga was not "to prevent civil war."
3. UN military action in Katanga cannot be explained or justified by the aim of "removal of mercenaries."
4. The real purpose of UN military action in Katanga was to overthrow the Tshombe regime and compel Katanga to submit to the central (Léopoldville) government.
5. As initial aggressor, the UN bears responsibility for both the September and December fighting in Katanga, and for its consequences to life and property.
6. UN troops acted against persons and properties in Katanga in ways that cannot be justified on military grounds.
7. United States support of UN military action in Katanga did not serve the ends of peace, freedom or resistance to Communism, and was not in the national interest.

1. Affidavits and photographs concerning these and other UN atrocities are reproduced in the full Committee report.

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sent it as a doctrine) that UN decisions must always be supported—even when originally opposed by the State Department; c) unwillingness to engage in a policy that would separate us from the "uncommitted" Afro-Asian nations. In effect, such an unwillingness means that the U.S. gives up its independence in favor of the African nations: since we seem unwilling to separate ourselves from them and they do not follow us, we follow them. (Indeed, they already tax us via UN assessments.) Those who are opposed to imperialism (*i.e.*, the loss of national independence to foreign nations) on principle, as I am, should support national independence not only for African nations but even for the United States. . . .

4. The UN Objectives

The UN resolutions authorized attack only when pre-emptive, *i.e.*, necessary to prevent civil war, or for self-defense. An attack by the UN acting for one party (the Central Government) in a potential civil war when this party, however willing, was obviously not capable of attacking, and the other (Katanga) had no reason to, can hardly be called preventive. Wasn't the UN attack itself the very thing the UN was there to prevent?

There was no indication of impending civil war in Katanga. Except for the UN military posture, the situation was admittedly peaceful. No civil war occurred after the UN's September attack was beaten back by the Katanga army. To this day, the only warlike actions in Katanga have been those initiated by the United Nations. They remain the only major military operations in the Congo.

A second alleged purpose of the UN's surprise attack was to force the elimination of "mercenaries," *i.e.*, of the white officers and specialists in the Katanga army. I cannot see how warfare to obtain compliance with this demand could be justified even if the demand itself were legitimate. But I don't think it is.

By what right can the UN prescribe whom the Katanga government can or cannot employ in its army? Nothing in the UN Charter gives the UN such authority. Certainly the UN is not empowered to make laws: it can no more prescribe whom the Congo—or any part thereof—can employ, than it can tell the United States whom to employ.

The UN demand was clearly aimed at satisfying a Central Government (and even more, an extra-Congolese African) desire to weaken and eliminate the Katanga Government by weakening its army. The Katanga army had always been staffed by white officers—as had the rest of the Congo army. Thus, the "mercenaries" were nothing new. Katanga had not dismissed all its white officers (as had the rest of the Congo) at Lumumba's orders, and it replaced many of those who left. Far from constituting a threat of civil war or disorder, these "mercenaries" helped to avoid it: they kept the Katanga army disciplined; it never degenerated into a murderous rabble, as did other sectors of the Congo army.

The UN assertion that the objective of the Elisabethville attack was to prevent civil war is factually wrong. The second objective—elimination of "mercenaries"—is morally and legally unjustifiable. Further, the military attack undertaken ostensibly to eliminate the "mercenaries" was a means so cruelly disproportionate to the aim as to suggest either that the UN functionaries were quite mad or that the issue of "mercenaries" was raised to hide an unavowed, more substantial aim.

Abundant positive evidence indicates that the alleged aims were but public relations disguises. The actual objective of the UN attack was to force Tshombe's surrender and to establish rule over Katanga by the Central Government.

In its actions, the UN has conceded as much, though it was thought wise to deny publicly this military intervention in Congolese domestic affairs. UN planes admittedly conveyed Egyde Bocheley-Davidson to Elisabethville at the time of the September attack. Bocheley-Davidson was admittedly sent to Elisabethville as "commissioner" of the Central Government. Thus the real UN purpose was to replace the elected government of Katanga, headed by Moise Tshombe, with a central government commissioner who was also a pro-Communist. We can thank providence and Katanga troops, including "mercenaries," for the defeat of the UN.

State Department sources stress that Katanga and the Congo are now at peace under non-Communist rule, and try to take credit for this result. Yet the evidence shows beyond a doubt that, had the UN—supported by the State Department—won its battles in Katanga, this most important part of the Congo would now be under a pro-Communist ruler. Thus, *the State Department perversely is taking credit for the defeat of its policies.* This testifies to the talents of its domestic public relations staff; but not to the abilities of those who made the Congo and UN policy decisions. . . .

5. Some Special Problems

A. The Baluba Camp

Dr. O'Brien established a camp for Balubas, protected by UN troops on the outskirts of Elisabethville. Originally 300 persons were so sheltered. Now there are 40,000. I visited the camp accompanied by Swedish officers and soldiers with submachine guns at the ready. (I was told that otherwise the security of visitors

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to the camp could not be insured.)

The 40,000 Balubas are allowed to come and go at any time. Some Balubas make use of this freedom, and of their UN-protected redoubt, to make robbing and stealing forays on the town. Non-Balubas can enter the camp only with UN permission. Police are not allowed to enter; thus in effect the campers have immunity from arrest and prosecution.

The camp is totally dominated by the *Jeunesse Balubakat,* which terrorizes its inhabitants. No protection is extended by the UN against this terror group; intra-camp murders are common and unpunished. The campers are being indoctrinated in tribalistic, pro-Soviet and anti-Katanga doctrines by the *Jeunesse Balubakat.* Although the majority of the campers are Christians, no provision for religious services has been made. This camp is supported directly and indirectly by U.S. grants.

It is hard to see how all this can help solve the inter- or intra-tribal problems. It has in fact intensified, perpetuated and magnified them. According to witnesses, the UN sent out cars equipped with loudspeakers to spread the news that the Balubas were in danger, and to offer the protection of the camp. No better way to generate panic in a tense situation could have been devised. Further, the very fact that the camp accepted any Baluba without asking why he came, or questioning whether he was in actual danger, attracted many who simply wanted to live on handouts. Others did not want to become isolated. Still others feared incurring the displeasure of the *Jeunesse Balubakat* by staying behind. The UN has done nothing to persuade the campers to go back to their normal occupations and residences. . . .

B. The Role of Union Miniere

In Katanga, the dominating enterprise is the *Union Minière du Haut Katanga.* Eighteen per cent of its shares belong to the government of the Congo. Another 14 per cent are held by the Tanganyika Corporation, a largely English holding company. The *Société Générale* holds 15 per cent directly, and probably more indirectly. One way or other, it is said to hold ultimate control of *Union Minière.*

The main taxes paid by *Union Minière* are levied on its metal (mainly copper) exports; they were the major source of the revenue of the colonial administration. The exports were shipped from Katanga to Congo ports. Since the destruction of railway bridges and the disruption of relations with the rest of the Congo, *Union Minière* has shipped its products through Rhodesia; thus the taxes were levied by the Katanga government and retained by it.

The *Union Minière* is often accused of having deliberately deprived the central government of its tax revenue to make it available instead to the Katanga government. However, it seems that whether *Union Minière* preferred this arrangement or not, it could not have avoided it, if it wanted to go on doing business. Its establishments are located in Katanga, where the central government has not, and Tshombe has, exercised control. Regardless of whether the directors of the corporation would have preferred to see their taxes go to Tshombe, Lumumba or Adoula. they had no choice. They could do business only by paying to Tshombe. This situation can change only as the central government and Tshombe come to a settlement.

I am not privy to the preferences that may prevail in the minds of the directors of *Union Minière.* Moreover, they are likely to differ. However, to the extent to which they are rational, their major preference would be for an orderly government that lets them do business. Thus, I should think that they are likely to have felt relieved—and to have assisted—when Katanga seceded from the Lumumba mess. Their feeling was shared at that time by Kasavubu and Adoula, among others. Yet, with the prospect of an orderly central government, I do not see why they should prefer a separate Katanga.

I cannot see, then, why *Union Minière* would prefer an independent Katanga to one that is part of the Congo. It has no reason to, and many reasons against, unless one assumes that independence means orderly conditions in which business can be done, and being part of the Congo does not. This does not seem to be a reasonable assumption to make for the future, though in the past it was not unreasonable.

All this is not to say that the *Société Générale,* or for that matter, *Union Minière,* have always acted in their best interests. Both are immense enterprises, riven by internal disagreements, and politics, as enterprises of such size usually are. Some executives may indeed have panicked and felt that it is better to keep Katanga, having written off the rest of the Congo. And in *Union Minière,* local executives may have taken a parochial viewpoint. But I doubt that in either case their influence predominated within their organization. And I cannot see how the organizations themselves had an opportunity to play a major role in the development after independence. What influence they have, however, is certainly going to be used in favor of some form of peaceful unification. Else, they must be totally irrational.

C. The Blacklist

Under the administration of Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, the UN tried to rule Katanga even while attacking it. Direct pressure on persons to get out of Katanga, on pain of arrest and punishment by the UN, compelled many to leave. Since UN soldiers had committed murders and other terroristic acts by this time, the threat carried weight. O'Brien thus arbitrarily removed civil servants, executives, lawyers, journalists, and professors from the local university. I do not know how O'Brien compiled his blacklist. But the fact is indisputable that the UN had a list of whites to be deported and did deport many of them by threat of violence. The UN published no charges against the blacklisted persons, presented no evidence, held no hearings, and permitted no defense. The persons blacklisted by the UN not only lost employment but were deported, and frequently imprisoned before deportation. The UN in Katanga has acted in total disregard of all civil and human rights. Americans certainly should protest these actions by an organization which they support to uphold human rights.

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The Third World War

The Choking Point

JAMES BURNHAM

"Berlin," Khrushchev told us in that disconcertingly frank way he often has, "is a bone in our throat." Mr. Kennedy could well echo that Cuba is a bone in our throat.

Russia is a land power. Berlin can be thought of as an island in the middle of the great north European plain that stretches from the Atlantic to the Urals (or, looked at from the opposite perspective, from Russia into western Europe). The Berlin region —Prussia, that is—is the jump-off point for Western invasions of Russia, whether led by a Roman Varus, a French Napoleon, a Prussian Wilhelm, an Austrian Hitler or an American of a possible future. As Muscovy swelled from a provincial duchy to an empire, with her immense dynamism, restrained by the western glacis, bursting east and south, the enlarged geographic scale brought Berlin to, and finally within, her strategic threshold. As Moscow must see it, today's West Berlin, with an anti-Communist civil government and an elite Anglo-French-American garrison, is an enemy outpost planted inside her own vestibule.

We are a sea and air power. The Caribbean has long been understood to be our strategic threshold, or one such threshold, and we see today's Cuba as an enemy outpost inside our door. It is instructive to recall that Spain conquered a large part of the Americas from a beachhead established on Cuba's neighbor island, Santo Domingo ("Hispaniola"). It was against the challenge of a threat to the Venezuelan segment of the Caribbean littoral that we, by proclamation of the Monroe Doctrine, asserted our continental hegemony. And when, at the end of the nineteenth century, we launched our career as a world power, our very first step was the conquest of—Cuba.

So Cuba is a bone in our throat, and Kennedy, like Khrushchev, wheezes and coughs from his bone, probes and plucks and fishes with his finger, hoping that somehow he can ease it up and out. Such a little bone! How *can* it breed such devilish pain and trouble? Surely it will cough up, or swallow down, or dissolve if I fuss long enough and wish hard enough! Neither sufferer has yet dared to call for the scalpel that alone can rid them of the choking obstruction, somewhat bloodily, as in all surgical operations.

Punta del Este Lesson

Mr. Kennedy's bone, though more recently lodged, is nastier than Khrushchev's: it is more jagged, and infected, so that it can rather quickly poison the whole organism; it has already begun. Because the West is in a defensive, a merely holding posture, the threat to Russia of a Berlin in Western hands is mostly potential. (Rather more than that, really: this brazenly Western Berlin may have been, may be, the prime factor in blocking Moscow's consolidation of her East European conquests.) But Khrushchev has the initiative, and Russian policy is offensive. Within that frame, the threat of Castro's and Khrushchev's Cuba to us is active, virulent. Cuba, now, is not "a window on the West" nor "a showcase of the Communist world." It is—like Columbus' Santo Domingo—a beachhead from which is being mounted a general offensive against Central and South America. In preliminary skirmishing this offensive has already scored notable successes: witness British Guiana, Brazil, Punta del Este, the turn in Mexican policy, and, let us not forget to add, the Dominican Republic.

I believe that "the solution of the Cuban question"—that is, the ousting of Communism from Cuba—should rate first in our operations priorities. With Castro-Khrushchev still in Cuba, the Alliance for Progress is a pitiful comedy, the cost of which will be worse than wasted. No major Latin American regime can be a dependable ally and friend, none can take us seriously, unless we prove that we can handle a thug on our doorstep. Why should they? They will grab our dollars, and go their own way.

Not only the Latin American regimes. Our Cuban failure redounds to our grave injury throughout the world. I was in Southeast Asia just after the aborted invasion last year, and then in Europe. Serious persons could hardly be brought to believe the Cuban dispatches. Even in the case of the firmest pro-Westerners, their incredulity was curdled with a savor of contempt.

Surely the President does not suppose that by his Boy Scoutist "personal shouldering of responsibility," the Bay of Pigs affair is simply written off. Guns flamed, men died, other men now waste dreary prisoner lives, vast issues were at stake, are still at stake. All that cannot be erased by a "Sorry, my mistake!"

Time for the Surgeon

The President lost his nerve last April. Let us not reproach him too much for that: it is much easier to talk (or write) about decisions than to make them. But now he must find his nerve again. It is much, much harder now, because of that first failure: we pay for our mistakes. And therefore the decision, too, is much harder.

These nibbling methods won't do: all this "educating of hemisphere opinion," "extension of boycott," propaganda broadcasts no one listens to, support of an underground handful. Nothing of that sort will now topple the Communo-Castro regime. Such drawn-out halfway measures may even strengthen the regime by building up resentments. No one else will do the job for us: didn't the Latin American countries tell us that at Punta del Este? and our NATO allies, when a fortnight ago they declined to join the boycott? Why should they? It's *our* job.

Our own central power has got to be brought to bear directly, this time: preferably—and it would be more humane so—in a concentration so massive that prolonged resistance would be out of the question. If the President is to get the Cuban bone out of his throat before it chokes him, and the rest of us, he will have to begin planning that sort of surgery.

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Letter from London

England Wants In

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Some Englishmen loudly champion the Common Market as Europe's greatest step forward since Charlemagne: others, no less vociferous, see it as the gravest danger to Britain since the Spanish Armada: most find the subject complicated and dull, and have no firm opinion at all. The majority are wise. The subject is highly complicated and technical, and, whatever the demagogues may say, quite insuitable to be an election issue. But it is important, very important indeed. The Labor Party, uncertain where the electoral advantage lies, still cowardly sits on the fence. The Government, pushed by circumstances rather than zeal, has begun trying to negotiate terms for Britain's entry into the Common Market.

The European nations welcome these overtures, but without wild enthusiasm. Albion, they think, has been fairly perfidious already. After the war it was British politicians, with Churchill as their chief spokesman, who launched the idea of a united Europe; but as soon as they faced the practical implications they started backing away. Six European countries—France, Italy, West Germany, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg—went ahead, signed the Treaty of Rome in 1957, and began pulling down their economic frontiers; and not their economic frontiers only. They are aiming at a large measure of political unity as well. Their social services will eventually be harmonized, capital and labor will be able to move freely between them.

The British politicians, who at first doubted whether the Common Market would work soon, saw it working alarmingly well. Britain hastily assembled six other countries of Europe—Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Austria, Switzerland and Portugal—into a rival group, "the Outer Seven." But the two groups are not comparable in size or strength: the Common Market contains 165 million potential customers, the Outer Seven can muser only 36½ million.

The British Government, already worried over the country's balance of payments, has been hopping from one foot to the other in an agony of doubt, while British businessmen watched the growing force of the Common Market with alarm. Soon, for instance, Volkswagen and Renault cars will be on sale all over Europe with no tax added to the price. But if an Italian wants to buy a Morris Minor, he will have to pay 30 per cent extra.

Something had to be done. But even before the Government made its first tentative moves toward Europe, the political storm began. An extraordinary alliance of opponents appeared. Right-wing Tories complained that the Commonwealth was being sold down the river: left-wing Socialists complained that Britain was being delivered into the hands of such reactionary dictators as de Gaulle and Adenauer. Lord Beaverbrook attacked the Common Market because he believes in preferential tariffs for Empire countries. The free traders attacked it as being merely protectionism on a big scale.

What is the force of such objections? The fundamental one, that the Common Market won't prosper, seems hardly credible any more. That Commonwealth trade will suffer is true—New Zealand, in particular, will be hit—but only about a quarter of that trade should be lost.

The real objection is emotional. The Europeans claim, and claim truly, that there is a new spirit in Europe today, a sense of community, a sense of European-ness. And this is good. But the whole greatness of Britain, from the time of the first Queen Elizabeth, has been built on separation from Europe: on a sense that Englishmen are different, on the Royal Navy and the narrow seas as a moat.

Being an old-fashioned Englishman, I would prefer to see an Empire Free Trade Area. But, if this was ever possible, it is no longer. When Ernest Bevin was Foreign Secretary in the postwar Labor Government, he suggested a free trade area to the countries of the Commonwealth and they turned it down flat. Canada did too much business with the United States; Australia was looking toward the Far East. Those tendencies have since become more, not less, important: South Africa has been squeezed out of the Commonwealth altogether and what remains of the British Empire is being rapidly, and as I think disastrously, dismembered.

It has become an economic necessity for Britain to go into Europe. She needs a mass market for her exports, a sluggish British industry needs the stimulus of competition, British trade unions need the discipline of a larger community. The effect on particular businesses remains hard to predict. British chemicals, machine tools, woolen textiles, and cotton fabrics should do well; the growers of fruit and flowers and vegetables will do badly. The price of bread and butter may go up; the price of wine and bacon should come down.

When I was in Holland recently, they told me that some industries there had been completely wiped out since the Common Market began, others had flourished. Men had been forced to change their jobs but there was absolutely no unemployment except for the hard core of unemployables. The Common Market, everyone agreed, was a good thing.

Whether or not it is ideally a good thing for Britain, it has become almost unavoidable, provided anything like acceptable terms can be negotiated. Arrangements will have to be made, and I think can be made, to soften the blow for the Commonwealth.

For the Common Market, as its opponents quickly saw, is not just a market. It is an awesome political experiment. In size, and soon perhaps in power and influence, it can approach the Soviet Union and the United States. Its goal is no less than the unification of capitalist Europe. The Russians, therefore, hate and fear the Common Market; the Communist *Daily Worker* is the only other British newspaper which consistently joins Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* in attacking it. And that, when all's said and done, is perhaps the simplest and strongest reason why America should support it.

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An Evening With Jack Paar

Reflections by the editor on a recent appearance on Paar's television show, wherein humaneness and other virtues were discussed, though not practiced

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

SAANENMOSER, SWITZERLAND

My colleagues have sent me the transcript of several Jack Paar shows, at which he and others celebrated my inhumanity to man, among other things, though to be sure devoting roughly equal time to my unintelligibility. Would I care to comment? Well, having read the transcript, yes, I would. For one thing, one might as well set the record straight; and besides, the time is ripe for giving a little thought to the phenomenon of boastful resistance to thought. The mistake is often made of assuming that the audience of Jack Paar is as loose-minded as he is. Several of my friends, making that assumption, counseled me not to accept Mr. Paar's urgently-worded invitation to appear (to answer charges made against me by Gore Vidal). If you are not show biz, they said, the only way you can make a successful appearance on the Jack Paar show is to play the part of an amiable common man, and flatter the stuffing out of Paar. Well, I didn't believe it, and still don't: but I distinguish between Paar's audience and himself. It is probably true that one cannot succeed with *Paar* without that unctuous self-ingratiation which is the trademark of so many of his most successful guests:[1] but the audience doesn't seem to mind a few minutes' serious talk, cast at an adult level; and so the real question is, can you succeed with the audience if you have not succeeded with Paar? Well, certainly he will do the very best he can to keep that from happening. I know: I tried thinking on his program, instead of emoting, and he was so traumatized it took him two and one-half shows, several gag writers, half a dozen bald lies, and a couple of character assassins to restore his composure.

I was on the show Wednesday, January 31, to answer the charge that I had "attacked" the Pope as being "too left-wing." I was introduced to Paar just before the show, and we chatted together amiably for about fifteen minutes in his dressing room. What did I especially want to say? he asked. I want to set the record straight on what NATIONAL REVIEW did say about *Mater et Magistra,* I answered. What else? Anything, or nothing, as you like, I said—it's your show (I needn't have reminded him of that). Well, he said, what about the John Birch Society? Anything, I repeated. I requested only that if I were asked a question that called for a complex answer, I be given as much as one minute to answer it. Perfectly fine, he said. "I want you to leave this show feeling good—that's what I want." You know, he confided, one of the reasons why people think we give more breaks to Liberals and left-wingers is because we have more of them on the show. But that's only because there are more of them around, more of them who are interesting people, as people. On the other side, he said warmly, "there's just Goldwater and you." I smiled prettily, and mumbled something about my willingness to draw him up a somewhat larger list.

Seventeen Points

Well, I was on for about a half hour. During that period, in specific answer to JP's questions, I made 17 points, of major and minor importance. They were in the order given: 1) That NATIONAL REVIEW did not attack the Pope as a left-winger, but rather expressed disappointment, at the time *Mater et Magistra* was published, that it did not give primary attention to the Communist menace. 2) That Gore Vidal's rendition was false, and reflected his general state of hysteria in evaluating conservative activities. 3) That I consider myself a radical conservative, *i.e.,* someone whose ideas are rooted in unchanging principles, but whose respect is great for organic growth and the body of settled opinion. 4) That Robert Welch has said irresponsible things, but that his sins cannot be visited on the membership at large of the John Birch Society; and that Liberals who criticize Welch ought to criticize extremist statements coming from their own camp, *e.g.,* Truman's charge in 1952 that Eisenhower was anti-Catholic and anti-Semitic, and his more recent charge that members of the John Birch Society are "Ku Kluxers with their shirts off."

5) That what matters is not so much whether a political reformer is sincere, as whether what he sets out to do has objective merit. 6) That in our time, there is a role for minutemen, *e.g.,* in Cuba. 7) That the United States is in effect at war with Cuba, so that a declaration of war would merely be to codify a *de facto* relationship. 8) That I wrote a book giving my views on Senator McCarthy, who was my friend; that those views are complex; that I believe anyone who studied the record closely would sympathize with much that McCarthy was trying to do. 9) That if McCarthy were to ask whether NATIONAL REVIEW employed ex-Communists I would, after satisfying myself of the Committee's right to ask the question, answer it: by saying there are five ex-Communists who work for NATIONAL REVIEW.

10) That I do not myself intend to go into politics, that I conceive the role of NATIONAL REVIEW to be that of providing material—thought, facts, analysis—for the opinion makers. 11) That I like Senator Goldwater. 12)

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1 *Vice President Nixon.* Could I ask one favor, Jack?
J. Paar. Yes sir; you can ask any favor you'd like.
Vice President Nixon. Could we have your autograph for our girls?
J. Paar. I cannot tell you how much this means to our show. It gives us class.

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That I did not think Mr. Eisenhower was a successful President, and that I did not think history would look on Eisenhower's views as sharply distinguishable from Kennedy's. 13) That the United Nations was founded on a delusion and that we shall have frequently to circumvent its bureaucracy in the future, as we have in the past. 14) That there is a conservative revival among students, and that the primary reason why is because they sense the failure of Liberalism to cope with reality. 15) That the world is not better off today than it was forty years ago, as witness the increase in slavery, and the materialization, in the hands of a Communist state, of the power to blow up half the world. 16) That the *New York Times*' Harrison Salisbury fell for the Khrushchev soft line after the 20th Congress, and for much other Communist propaganda. 17) That I consider that conservatives are the true friends of the people because their devotion to principle and to freedom contributes the most to the well-being and happiness of mankind.

Paar. Listen—all I want you to say to your people, speak to your people, is—what—was it all right? Did you enjoy yourself? Did we treat you all right?

WFB. Did you learn anything? (Laughter, much applause).[2]

Paar. . . . I think you're sincere in what you believe; for me, Bill, you lack all feeling for people; and in the things I read I find no feeling for humanity.

(One must bear in mind that Jack Paar is given to expressing *his* feelings for humanity by weeping publicly, thereby setting standards of demonstrable humanitarianism with which those of us not trained in show biz find it difficult to compete.)

I answered that if that were true, it was my fault for giving poor expression to my views; not any intrinsic disability in the views themselves.

Paar. Thank you very much, thank you very much. (Applause. Exit WFB).

II

In subsequent days, Paar made a great deal out of the ensuing episode for which, in any case, I have no responsibility. How many seats would I like for my friends? an assistant to Paar had asked me several days before. Six, please, I said. I don't know exactly how many people fit into Mr. Paar's studio—several hundred, I should guess; but I was not made to feel that six seats were unusual, or inordinate. Two of my six guests, I told the assistant—my wife and a friend—were to drive to the country with me. Would it be possible for them to leave the studio discreetly, after I had completed my interview? Certainly, he said—just point them out to me and I'll escort them out during the commercial that follows your appearance. That was done: and when I reached the elevator, they were there waiting for me. The other four guests stayed in their seats throughout the entire show. I subsequently learned that five members of the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW, on their own initiative, had joined the public queue and got tickets for the show. I was wholly unaware of their presence in the studio.

Paar. [Immediately following the applause after I left] I knew, I knew there was a different group in here tonight, I could tell . . . I think [reverting to his theme] that that's important, that you love people. I think you have to have some feeling, and perhaps—I'm sure Mr. Buckley *must* have—in his writings and in the things he does I find no—no—no—humanity; I'm sorry, that's how I feel.

Jack Paar's audiences are highly volatile. He encourages them to be. Accordingly, at that point, someone in the audience yelled,

Voice. Oh baloney!

Paar (angrily). Well, if you don't like it, Buster, you know where the door is, don't you?

Whereupon, about ten people got up from their seats, went to said door, and left the studio. Paar was undone . . .

Paar. I'd like to have the lights put on in the studio, to show you 20, 30, 40 people who obviously were in—how many? (audience yelling numbers)—20? How many? 10 (general chaos)—is that all? . . . It looked like more than that were leaving.

[Next day, Thursday] *Paar.* Mr. Buckley did one thing I didn't like. He had 12 people, I believe, all told; they made a lot of noise and they applauded on cue [how could *I* give cues? Paar was asking all the questions] and laughed on cue at him and when *he* got up, *they* got up and left. It's quite embarrassing in the show . . . and it's also discourteous . . . I thought that was rude of him.

If there was rudeness, it was hardly mine. It was Buster's. He should have known Paar was joking when he showed him the door.

Other Guests

There were two other guests on the program Wednesday after I left: Pierre Burton, a Canadian editor, and Harry Golden, high priest of left-wing yahooism. The balance of the program Wednesday night was devoted, primarily, to variations on the theme of 1) my inhumanity and that of conservatives in general. *Paar.* "What I can't stand is that these people when they talk they have no feeling of humanity—they just don't seem to care about people." *Golden.* ". . . whenever you read about these rightists . . . always a skinny little guy, or a hatchet murderer—you've never seen a fat guy as a hatchet murderer—always a thin guy with hollow cheeks." [Mr. Golden is fat.]; 2) my unintelligibility. *Paar:* "I don't think Mr. Buckley is a dangerous man at all because . . . he doesn't have the important quality of politics and that's to communicate, and Mr. Buckley, I don't think he has that." *Burton:* ". . . he doesn't say very much, you know." *Paar:* "Look, am I naive and sophomoric when I say I don't understand everything he was saying?" *Golden.* "You can catch a word here and there, like t-h-e [laughter] . . ."; and 3) the virtue, nay the heroism, of Jack Paar, for putting me on his show. On this theme, especially profuse was Mr. Hugh Downs, Paar's full-time sycophant. *Downs.* "I admire you for running it on the program, I really do. I think a lot of people wouldn't . . ." And again *Downs:* "One of the things I like best about this medium that we're in is that people can come on it and be what they are and be judged by the people who tune in . . . anything can be allowed on this program and it can't be harmful to the country." And again *Downs:* "I think he should come on television more often because I think people will see exactly what he is and he'll be judged and he'll stand or fall on that basis . . ."

2 Here, and below, I reproduce the transcript, including its description of audience reactions and emphasized words, exactly.

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The next day, Paar was so carried away by the possibilities of this great theme that he implied he had received the personal congratulations, over the telephone, of the President of the United States! "I had a—I'm not going to get into where—but I had a call today that really thrilled me because the wires, the telegrams to Mr. Buckley, were—there were a lot of wires, he got a lot of wires, and I thought Gee Whiz, you know—and we got far less than he did, and then I got a call from Washington, from a very important person, and he said, The greatest service I could do this country is to *show* these people and let them all speak and the person who called me, it really made my day . . ." (JP's day is not made by mere senators or cabinet members or ambassadors. Only by Presidents, and radical conservatives.)

III

On Thursday, February 1, I had a call from Paar's assistant: What had I thought of the show? I replied (these are my exact words): "I thought it was fair enough while I was on, but I think it's a pity Mr. Paar turned it into a Hate Buckley session for the rest of the evening." Pause. "Well," said the assistant, "Jack feels rather bad about it himself. We've received almost two hundred telegrams, and 90 per cent are in your favor. What's more, they are obviously not rigged—they come from all over the country; and they definitely aren't crackpot. I called to tell you Jack has decided to apologize to you tonight."

Paar. Let's be fair—let's talk about last night, all right? Let's admit first of all there were many wires. Hundreds of wires. And the majority of those wires, the majority of those wires, were complimenting Mr. Buckley . . . whether that was, you know, his own following . . . I don't know . . . I talked to Mr. Buckley today. Please—I ask you to forgive me— *I* didn't, one of my boys did. And he said, Mr. Buckley said, that he was treated courteously and fairly while he was here, but that he thought it was unfair to talk about him when he had gone. Well, that really can't be helped, what other people say about him when he had gone. Mr. Buckley is a very controversial person, and he must realize that that's bound to come up. Many of your telegrams did say they thought it was unfair of me to mimic him after he had gone, and so did my wife. Yes, she did. He's not difficult to imitate and I did it, I thought, in jest and my wife didn't like it, and some of you didn't like it and may I publicly apologize if it offended anyone. I just did his gestures, which are quite easy to do. So I apologize for that.

Having apologized, Paar decided to break fresh ground: 1) "I have never mentioned Joseph McCarthy's name on this show. Ever. Nor would I. The Senator is dead. I would not bring up his name . . . Mr. Buckley brought it up . . . "

From Wednesday's transcript. *Paar* [out of the blue]: "You were a great supporter of McCarthy, right?" (I had not mentioned McCarthy's name.)

2) ". . . I think that we treated him well; he asked to come on, he's an adult, he should know what he's getting into, when he comes here."

Five minutes earlier, same night, same show. *Paar:* "*I* asked him on the show, I'm the one that asked him on the show, and I wanted to treat him courteously."

3) "We have never rigged anything against anybody."

Wednesday. *Paar:* "I just got a call here. Gore Vidal's coming back tomorrow night!" Jack Paar made this statement within three minutes after I had left the stage. Paar's shows are taped three hours before they are telecast. Under the circumstances, he couldn't have received a telephone call from Gore Vidal reacting to my appearance, because the show would not go out over the airwaves for another three hours. Therefore, the "call" was not made, but was preplanned. As the saying goes, it was rigged.

4) On the other hand, the support *I* got was obviously rigged, as was the evaluation of my claque, see above, on cue. *Paar:* "In Hollywood, the Henry Wallace crowd was the same way. They brought their own claque." This was another theme Paar found engrossing, and he returned to it again and again: the telegrams of protest could only have been organized. And worse, ah!—the kind of people that wrote in!

Monday, February 5: ". . . the mail that I have received—I'll tell you this —mail and telegrams are enormous—uh, in Mr. Buckley's favor. Oh yes. Oh yes. Yes ma'am, that is true. It is also anti-Semitic, it is also anti-Catholic, it is also threatening to have sponsors cancelled; it is also threatening me. That's true. We have the letters, if you're interested. . . ."[3]

Feb. 8: "You know how many letters we got? Seven thousand letters, in two days, from this group. Nearly all in favor of them. Threatening us—threatening me—threatening to have the sponsors cancelled!"

Linked to Communists

5) My position is, essentially, the same as the Communists', given this or that modification. "Mr. Buckley admitted there were five [former Communists working for NATIONAL REVIEW] . . . I wonder why? It seems to be a pattern. All of these far-out people seem to—as you said one night, Hugh, the circle joins here. I told you, in Germany they have found that those who were avid Nazis are the first now to become avid Communist police. There's a certain kind of person who is in this kind of thing who is forever suspicious and turning in his neighbors." And later, "Mr. Buck-

3 We are interested. We asked to see the letters. NBC has not yet let us do so.

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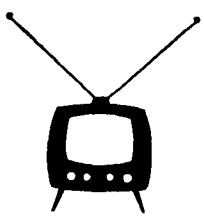
ley has five Communists working for him, by his own admission. That's probably the greatest group of former Communists working anywhere that I've ever heard of . . . Why?" *Gore Vidal:* "For the simple reason that they're attracted to things like Buckley because he's as extreme on the Right as the left wing was extreme. These are absolutists and they want a revolution . . .they've now all gone over to the right wing . . . there's a whole theory that the Birch Society might very well be a Communist Society."

I had said on Wednesday that there were five former Communists on NATIONAL REVIEW'S staff. I should have made it clearer that I had in mind the editorial masthead, which over the years has included, to be sure, five former Communists. I might have added that the relatively high concentration of former Communists who write for NATIONAL REVIEW might have something to do with their attraction to a journal which, in their judgment, truly knows how to fight an enemy whom they intimately know. I might have added that Raymond Aron has written that probably the last great fight will be fought between Communists and former Communists. I might have added that a great concentration of former pagans wrote for the Bible. But Mr. Paar would, no doubt, have found all that unintelligible, and inhuman. Whereupon, of course, Mr. Downs would have to. Perhaps less so their good friend, former fellow traveler Harry Golden.



Anti-Everything?

And finally, 6) I am against everything. "What is William Buckley? What is he against? From what he has written, Mr. Buckley is against: [*sic*] anti-union, anti-social security, anti-integration, anti-United Nations, anti-foreign aid, anti-income tax, anti-lower tariffs and Common Market, anti-anti trust, anti-immigration, anti-Alliance for Progress, anti-peaceful attempts to maintain the free world, anti-Supreme Court decisions, he is anti-Roosevelt, anti-Truman, anti-Eisenhower, anti-Nixon, anti-Rockefeller, and anti-Kennedy."

Ho hum. This kind of thing can of course be done to anyone who takes a comprehensive political position. For instance, it could be said about Paar on the basis of his categorical opposition to me, that he is therefore anti-Free Cuba, anti-private property, anti-a strong stand against the Soviet Union, anti-a free society, anti-MacArthur, anti-Taft, anti-Jefferson, anti-Lincoln, anti-Burke, anti-Adam Smith, etc., etc. And of course, I happen to be pro-non-monopoly unions, pro-voluntary integration, pro-United Nations efforts to implement the principles of the United Nations, pro-foreign aid for our allies, pro-a non-progressive income tax, pro-the lowering of tariffs, pro-the Common Market, pro-anti-trust legislation, pro-peaceful attempts to maintain the free world, pro-some Supreme Court decisions, etc., etc.

But the best was yet to be.

Gore Vidal, who phoned in asking to be put on the show to answer what I had just said three hours before he knew what I had said, is, in addition to being a telepathist, an intellectual, which profession cherishes the making of distinctions. Besides being an intellectual, Mr. Vidal is a friend of Paar, which proved to be the dominant gene during the evening. "Notice the difference in manner and approach and reasoning," said Paar in introducing Vidal. "You'll have different opinions, I'm sure . . . Mr. Vidal [is] a friend of mine, and a very nice man . . . "

First question: What had I actually said about the Pope and the Encyclical?

Vidal: Yes, well what he actually said—and I went back and looked it up . . . in the month of August, Buckley attacked the Pope in a piece in his magazine, and the piece was called "A Venture in Triviality."

● a) I did not attack the Pope. b) There was no piece, merely a one-paragraph, unsigned editorial, bearing the sanction of the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW. c) The paragraph was not called "A Venture in Triviality," it bore no title; one phrase in it said "it must strike many as a venture in triviality coming at this particular time in history."

It was a vicious piece, and America, *which is the Jesuit weekly in the United States, attacked Buckley in an editorial declaring that he owes his readers an apology, unquote.*

● The demand by *America* for an apology was unrelated to the editorial in question.

And Buckley's answer to the Jesuits was: "You are impudent."

● My answer to the Jesuits was in 2,500 words, one sentence of which stated that it was impudent to ask a non-Catholic journal of opinion to apologize for a transgression, assuming it were that, of exclusively Catholic protocol.

I mean, who is he? Here's a guy who has never worked for a living . . . has never had a job.

● I had one part-time job, as a member of the faculty of Yale (1947-1951), and three full-time jobs, before going to work for NATIONAL REVIEW.

He's got two sisters.

● Six

One said while she was at Smith

● It was ten years after she graduated

. . . that the faculty was filled with Communists.

● she said four faculty members had Communist-front connections.

The other was at Vassar and started the same thing at Vassar.

● she said that at Vassar the bias was predominantly Liberal.

Meanwhile, their brother was at Yale and wrote God and Man at Yale *and said* that *was full of Communists.*

● my book did not mention that there was even one Communist at Yale. (I know the difference between Communists and Liberals, as evidently G. Vidal does not.)

He feels free to correct, through this little magazine of his, the actions of all our Presidents and the Pope, and philosophers . . . on the subject of philosophy I thought this might interest you, Jack—of Albert Schweitzer—who is one of the great men of our time, and whose philosophy is reverence for life—he wrote of Albert Schweitzer, quote: He is more destructive than the H-Bomb, unquote.

● The quotation is from a book review in NATIONAL REVIEW—by a Ph.D. in philosophy. There is no presumptive agreement between my views and those of every one of the several hundred reviewers who have

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reviewed books for NATIONAL REVIEW. On reflection, I think the statement, when read in context, is wholly defensible. I would listen with respect to the argument that the views of William of Occam, a more famous philosopher than A. Schweitzer, may prove to have been more destructive than the H-Bomb.

On the subject of integration, Mr. Buckley wrote, quote: Segregation is not intrinsically immoral, unquote. Well, that's a double negative which means I don't quite dare to come out and say I'm in favor of segregation, so I'll put it in a double negative.

● a) It isn't a double negative. b) a professional writer should recognize the litotes when he sees it. It has been around as a necessary rhetorical refinement for years; was frequently used, for instance, by that old evader, Homer. c) I didn't write that phrase, I spoke it in the presence of a Catholic Liberal, John Cogley, who d) agreed with me.

. . . but that's exactly what it means, which goes against not only Catholic doctrine but I would think any humane—you put your finger on it, you know, when you said there's no humanity there.

Quite a record, for one paragraph, eh? By all means, notice the difference in manner, and approach, and reasoning.

The Truman Episode

But Mr. Vidal was not through.

Vidal (cont.). *I was just going to say one more thing struck me, listening to Mr. Buckley. He said (and I was quite fascinated because it's amazing the things perhaps you can just get away with, this side of libel) . . . He said that Harry Truman had called Eisenhower an anti-Semite and anti-Catholic.*

Paar. Yes, he did say that. But what. . . .

Vidal. There's no evidence that Harry Truman ever said this. Now I would like to say right now, on the air, that I will give $100 to the NATIONAL REVIEW *which is Buckley's magazine, if he can prove that Harry Truman ever said any such thing: and if he cannot prove it, why I think he should then be regarded as what he is, which is an irresponsible liar.*

I have sent the following letter to Jack Paar:

Dear Mr. Paar:

I am informed that on your show of February 1st, Mr. Gore Vidal spoke as follows:

> "I was just going to say one more thing struck me, listening to Mr. Buckley—he said (and I was quite fascinated because it's amazing the things perhaps you can get away with just this side of libel) he said that Harry Truman had called Eisenhower an anti-Semite and anti-Catholic. . . . There's no evidence that Harry Truman ever said this. Now I would like to say right now, on the air, that I will give $100 to the National Review, which is Buckley's magazine, if he can prove that Harry Truman ever said any such thing: and if he cannot prove it, why I think he should then be regarded as what he is, which is an irresponsible liar."

1. The documentation, taken in each case from the *New York Times*, is as follows: On October 10, 1952, President Harry Truman accused the Republicans generally of supporting "the discredited and un-American theory of racial superiority." On October 17, Assistant Secretary of State Howland Sargeant read a message from Mr. Truman to the Jewish Welfare Board in Washington. Eisenhower, Truman said, "cannot escape responsibility" for his endorsement of Senator Revercomb, "the champion of the anti-Catholic, anti-Jewish provisions of the original DP bill." Truman charged that Eisenhower "has had an attack of moral blindness, for today he is willing to accept the very practices that identify the so-called 'master race' although he took a leading part in liberating Europe from their domination."

2. The following day, Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, ex-President of the Zionist Organization of America, expressed "shock that an irresponsible statement of that character could be made. The attempt by implication to identify a man like General Eisenhower with anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism, is just not permissible even in the heat of a campaign."

3. Please instruct Mr. Vidal to make out a check for $100 to the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

But Paar's sense of fair play always overwhelms his other instincts, and so, on February 5, he announced that since I was out of the country, he would not criticize me while I was gone, no sir, not Paar.

Paar. I am, however, more—more than ever—leaving Mr. Buckley out of it, worried about what is called the "radical Right" after what happened over the weekend in California. There were the bombings of two ministers' homes out there by what they call the "radical right wing," and that's a shocking thing to me . . . almost killed a baby in a crib. . . .

Downs. I think—wouldn't it be fair also, Jack, to say that Mr. Buckley would certainly not be a party ever to the bombing of somebody's home? You know, that's . . .

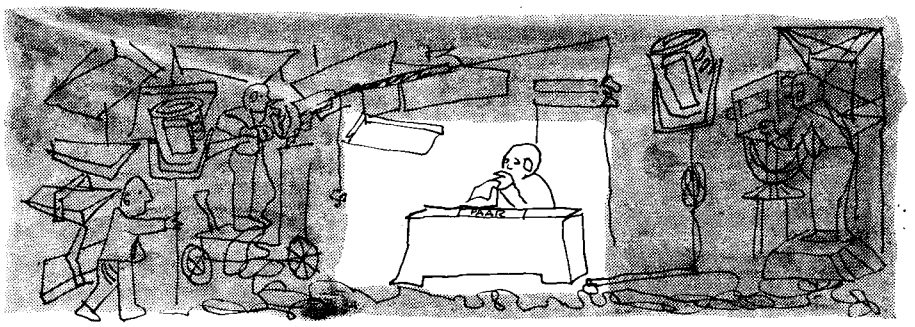
Paar. . . . Oh. I can't *believe* he would. . . . But this climate of mistrust that's sprung up in this country by the now extreme Right really frightens me. It does. The same as it did with the Left, only more so because the Right—they're now throwing bombs and that scares the hell out of me. I don't know how you feel about it.

Downs felt very bad about it.

IV

Moral? Forget about Paar. No, on second thought, one can't really. Any more than one can forget about atmospheric pressure. But why should he know better? Who is to teach him better? The intellectuals? "Once an argument has been classified as 'positional,'" writes Eric Voegelin, perhaps the premier conservative scholar alive today,[4] "it is regarded as having been demolished, since the 'position' attributed to it is always selected with pejorative intent. The choice of the position selected is an expression of

[4] *Freedom and Serfdom, An Anthology of Western Thought*, edited by Albert Hunold. D. Reidel, Dordrecht, Holland, 1961, p. 280.



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the personal antipathies of the individual critic; and the same argument can therefore be attributed to any one of a variety of 'positions,' according to what comes most readily to the critic's hand. The wealth of variation afforded by such tactics is well exemplified by the variety of classifications to which I have myself been subjected. On my religious 'position,' I have been classified as a Protestant, a Catholic, as anti-Semitic and as a typical Jew; politically, as a Liberal, a Fascist, a National Socialist and a Conservative; and on my theoretical position, as a Platonist, a Neo-Augustinian, a Thomist, a disciple of Hegel, an existentialist, a historical relativist and an empirical sceptic; in recent years the suspicion has frequently been voiced that I am a Christian. All these classifications have been made by university professors and people with academic degrees. They give ample food for thought regarding the state of our universities."

Well, neither J. Paar nor G. Vidal has such an academic degree, and there is no reason to believe that if they had, they'd have acted more intelligently, or more discriminatingly. They are scared folk (Vidal wrote only a few months ago that conservative thought in America is a "hymn of hatred against the common man"), and scared people know not the manners of thought; they merely emanate, in James Burnham's fleeted phrase, "a squid-like ink of directionless feeling." They are frightened at any substantive challenge to an orthodoxy they do not wholly understand.

Here is a cultural problem to which the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions (*né* The Fund for the Republic) might give its attention: namely, what kind of problem is it, and what are its ramifications, when the intellectual and the vulgarian write so gladly to exhibit their ignorance to the great public? What does it bode for us? It is surely some sort of a threat to the national sense of humor, on which of course democratic institutions rely at moments of special stress, when a professional comedian can sum up his indictment as follows:

Paar. He is [even] anti-self determination for colonial peoples. . . . Here's the kind of thing Mr. Buckley has said. [An interviewer once asked him]: "You mean that the colored nations of Africa should not have the right of self-determination?"

He said: "No, not until they are ready to form governments."

And they said: "Well, when do you think they will be?"

He said: "When they stop eating each other."

That's what Mr. Buckley said. And there's that whole lack of humanity I think in his philosophy.

A Primer of Current Events

JOHN MORRESSY

I. *The Controversial Communist*

See the man with the jet planes.
He is a controversial man.
He is a big Communist.
Communists are our enemies.
See how we treat the big Communist.
See us give him jet planes.
Fly, Communist, fly!
See us give him food.
Eat, Communist, eat!
See him stop being a big Communist.
Do *you* see him stop being a big Communist?
I do not see him stop being a big Communist.

II. *The Neutralist*

See the man with the funny hat.
He is a nice man.
He is a neutralist.
A neutralist says that fighting is bad.
A neutralist says mean things about people who fight.
See the neutralist invade the little enclave!
Invade, neutralist, invade!
Fight, neutralist, fight!
What a funny neutralist!
Do *you* want to be a neutralist?

III. *The Secessionist*

See the man with all the bombs falling around him.
He is a naughty man.
He is a secessionist.
He does not like Communists.
He does not want to join up with the people who like Communists.
We do not like Communists, either.
Do you think you should help the naughty man?
The State Department does not think we should help the naughty man.
The State Department thinks we should help the people who like Communists.
What a funny State Department!

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Academic Freedom at MSU

Mr. John Hannah, president of Michigan State University, bachelor of poultry husbandry and honorary doctor of laws of his own institution, wants everybody to be happy on his friendly campus, which now has probably the largest single daytime undergraduate student body in the world. If you're not happy, friend—well, you'd damned soon better be, or it's a kick in the breeches for you, down to where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Kirk

Alas and lackaday, Mr. Charles Rogers, an associate director of the Labor and Industrial Relations Center at Michigan State University, wasn't idyllically happy in his work. For Mr. Rogers—a lawyer and experienced labor-disputes mediator who had taught previously at the University of Michigan and Wayne University—clung to the old-fangled notion that a university, even a state university, ought to be something better than a propaganda-arm; it ought even to try to be fair. He was the only man in the Labor and Industrial Relations Center who thought so. He was a good professor, as good professors go; and as good professors go, he went.

For with no objection from Dr. Hannah, Mr. Jack Stieber, director of the Center, was determined to turn his satrapy into an extension service of the propaganda division of the AFL-CIO. This undertaking was approved by a powerful member of the board of trustees of Michigan State University: Mr. Don Stevens, who happens also to be Michigan "education director" of the AFL-CIO. Between Mr. Stevens and Dr. Stieber, the Center gradually has been turned into a union propaganda-school—at the expense of the Michigan public.

Mr. Rogers, obdurately holding that something ought to be said for management and the public, clung to his associate professorship—despite an increasing load of duties and hostility from his superiors—until last June 12. On that day he was told that he could either resign from the MSU faculty, or—well, note below.

The Sottish Businessman

The proximate cause of this expulsion was a propaganda film, *A State Labor Body,* produced and distributed by the Center. Subsidized in part by an AFL-CIO grant of $3,500—but costing much more in public funds—this bore the imprimatur of the University. On seeing it, a seasoned journalist, Mr. William Kulsea of Booth Newspapers, was startled at the arrogantly pro-union bias of the production; and he commenced asking embarrassing questions of the University's administrators.

One scene was particularly interesting. The actors represented an agent of industrial management and a high-minded schoolmarm, who wanted to interview him in order to tell her pupils what labor disputes are all about. She was compelled to seek out the hireling of monopoly capitalism in a bar, where he endeavored—unsuccessfully, for Heaven will protect the working girl—to press drink upon the virtuous teacher. She tried to talk about matters of management, and a state labor body; but the wretch leered at her, "I'd rather talk about you." Another character in this tender drama was Mr. Gus Scholle, Michigan AFL-CIO president, playing himself; and Mr. Scholle, naturally, was Sweet and Reasonable.

Senator Lynn Francis, chairman of the committee of the Michigan Senate now investigating the discharge of Professor Rogers, said of this episode, in a formal statement, "Is it right that businessmen be portrayed in a film used as an 'educational tool' as lecherous sots?" The same question had occurred earlier to Mr. William Kulsea, who put it to Professor Rogers. And Mr. Rogers had the hardihood to reply, "It was completely unnecessary."

That mild rejoinder sealed his fate. Dr. Stieber told him to clean out his desk and go to—well, some other pasture. Dr. Paul Miller, Provost of MSU, gave Mr. Rogers the alternative of quitting MSU altogether, with a few months' pay, or being assigned to other tasks.

Professor Rogers chose the latter. The hierarchs assigned him to teaching courses in elementary law, in a different division of the University, with a class-load 20 per cent heavier than customarily is given to associate professors. There were classes at 8 a.m., 5 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m. One of these courses carried no credit at all, and was not even listed in the University's catalog; another carried no credit toward a degree in business administration, the division by which the course was offered. And his salary was reduced. He was told, moreover, that he would be closely watched, so that he would not defraud the University by spending more than 20 per cent of his time working for private firms—though when he joined the faculty, it was understood that he could continue to be an industrial consultant. Well, did he still want to cling to his tenure at MSU?

Mr. Rogers still wages the good fight, and is on leave of absence without pay, while the State Senate investigates his case. Dr. Hannah refused to allow Mr. Rogers a hearing before the University's trustees; that, said the happy chickenologist, "would be an unhappy affair." And when, last September, Dr. Hannah returned from questioning by the special committee of the Michigan Senate, the University's board of trustees commended him for "a strong and able defense of academic freedom. . . ."

Natch, chums. You don't think academic freedom is for *professors,* do you? Academic freedom, as writ in Michigan, means the freedom of presidents and chairmen to fire any dissident who holds to the illusion that universities are supposed to pursue Truth.

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Red Shadow on the Slopes

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

The political controversy in connection with the World Ski Championship at Chamonix has provoked far more interest than the actual races. The championship had been given to Chamonix on the understanding that the French Government would give entry visas to all skiers whose national associations were members of the Fédération Internationale de Ski (FIS), and the necessary assurances were given. The situation was radically changed by the building of the notorious Wall in Berlin. The Allied governments, at last realizing that only a policy of uncompromising resistance offered any prospect of success, decided to grant no visas to East German deputations or athletic teams.

The President of the FIS, Dr. Marc Hodler, summoned a meeting of the FIS Council in Berne, which decided by a vote of eight to five that the races in Chamonix should be deprived of World Championship status. The Norwegians, Swedes and Austrians voted for this resolution mainly as a protest against what they regarded as political interference in sport. They were accordingly incensed, but should not have been surprised, to discover that their vote was promptly exploited for political propaganda and interpreted as a victory for Communism. Moreover, as their vote was intended to ensure that all countries be represented, they were displeased when all Communist teams were withdrawn from Chamonix.

The reaction to this decision in the Alpine countries was indignation. The Austrians at Chamonix assured me that the Austrian member of the FIS Council had lost all hope of the presidency of his own Austrian Ski Association. Most skiers at Chamonix felt that there was rough justice in the fact that the Berlin Wall should shut out not only those who wanted to escape to freedom, but also the East German athletes whom the builders of that Wall wanted to send abroad.

The FIS, like the Western world, is paying the penalty for sacrificing principle to expediency in the past—and like the Western world, has had no consistent policy about persecution. Founded in the Indian summer of Liberalism as my father would have understood that term, the FIS refused to accept the Austrian Ski Association, which excluded Jews, as the sole representative of Austria. Austria was therefore represented by a mixed commission of which a delegate of the Jewish ski clubs was a member. When the Nazis came into power, however, this rule was conveniently forgotten. In those days the only club which refused to compete with the Nazis was the Kandahar, which removed the Arlberg-Kandahar from St. Anton after the Anschluss.

"Selective Indignation"

"I am not a snob," I informed Hannes Schneider's Nazi successor, "but I don't like playing games with the representatives of assassins and thugs." When the Nazis were all-powerful, the world of sport paid them the greatest compliment in its power by allowing Germany to organize the Olympic Games. But when the Nazis were defeated, the leaders of world sport followed the precedent of the woman who emptied her revolver into the corpse of Mussolini. The Germans who had returned to democracy were not allowed to compete in the Winter Olympic Games in 1948 at St. Moritz. I had then the sole right to decide whether a particular ski competitor was eligible, and I made myself very unpopular by refusing to disqualify for the Olympics a young Austrian who had been conscripted to drive the car of an SS general but who himself had no more connection with the SS than a waiter in one of their restaurants.

That a country guilty of atrocious crimes against humanity should be excluded from the Olympic Games seems to me most reasonable. The classic games were not open to the world; the barbarians were excluded. Again it does not seem to me unreasonable that a Germany which has been defeated in war and which has changed its government for the better should not have been *immediately* readmitted to the comity of civilized sportsmen. But I did not conceal my protests against what I termed the policy of "selective indignation" which most international sport federations pursued, excommunicating the Germans and fawning on the Russians.

Our own FIS was no exception. At the 1949 Congress nobody proposed to readmit the Germans in order that they might compete in the 1950 World Championships at Aspen. At the same Congress the Russians coupled an application for admission to the FIS with the impudent demand that the Spanish Ski Association be expelled. The Council unanimously decided that we would permit no discussion on this proposal, but the chairman allowed the Russian and his colleagues from the satellites to indulge for half an hour in political invective against Spain. When the Russian was elected to the Council whose ruling he defied, I resigned; and, as a protest, there were no British at the next Congress where Germany and the East German puppet government were both admitted to the FIS, the latter by only one vote. Had I been present, the three British votes would have been cast against the East Germans and the FIS saved from the ignominy of ranging itself with the Russians against the Free World.

The Communist bloc vote as a unit on the FIS, and the Russian, who now commands a quarter of the votes, is extremely powerful. At a recent Congress there were two contenders for the venue of the next World Championship, of whom one supported the Soviet proposal to add the words "to work for world peace" to the objects of the FIS—pure Picasso dove propaganda—and the other did not. The country which supported Russia got the championship. Thanks to Mr. Stanley Mullin of America, the decision to deprive world champions of their titles was reversed before the games ended. This is the first setback for the Russians in the FIS. Let us hope that it will not be the last.

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Poetry and Such

Lightning at Stratford

HUGH KENNER

A small Ontario town, where they put up most of the Festival visitors in private homes; a river called the Avon, with swans; leisurely crowds, broad lawns, an unlittered park; above the circular theater the red Canadian ensign whipping, its staff surrounded by a stylized crown; though here, in the past nine years, 21 different Shakespearean plays have been exhibited to more than a million people, nonetheless, when the trumpets sound, one may reasonably expect little.

Kenner

For Shakespeare, as though to avenge the destruction of the essentially medieval theater he knew, has scourged successive generations with the worst that actors, designers and producers have it in them to give. In the memory of even a casual playgoer it is the Shakespearean experiences that obtrude, indigestible: Katherine Cornell's incredible Cleopatra, or Donal Wolfitt clinging to the hangings by way of making the point that foolish, fond old Lear can't really be expected to stand up straight, or a Margaret Webster *Macbeth* in which no one spoke a line without lancing himself, clomp, clomp, clear across the stage (since Drama, said Aristotle, is Action).

But what was offered last summer at Stratford had the conviction of lightning and the transparency of revelation: a *Coriolanus* of mounting and stunning excitement, a *Love's Labour's Lost* crisp and merry within its blown-glass world, and a *Henry VIII* that concealed none of the defects of a half-hearted play while contriving to deliver what the aging Shakespeare was presumably willing to settle for by 1612, a competent entertainment.

Such productions are to Old Vic theatricality what pen-drawing is to impasto. The building, to begin with, is compact, and its acoustics miraculous. In a theater in which every syllable is audible, no one needs to declaim; actors can talk and keep moving, movement is natural, and sudden silences, sudden tableaux, come with the impact of a blow. And thrust into the midst of well over 2,000 spectators, who hem them in on three sides and are none of them more than 65 feet away, the actors can appear to ignore the audience while sweeping them with waves of excitement. Compound the benefits of this unique auditorium with a tradition of crisp and rapid playing and the skills of a company intelligent enough to take direction, and you have an elegant and sensitive Shakespeare Machine needing only the right director to bring it to life.

Continuously Alive

Michael Langham's direction of *Coriolanus* did just that. It is a director's play, not a star's. The effect of its salient scenes and speeches is dramatic, not rhetorical nor even theatrical, and requires the creation of a continuously alive dramatic context. In *Hamlet* or *Macbeth,* by contrast, the star by apt delivery of "How all occasions . . ." or "Tomorrow and tomorrow . . ." can trick us amidst a limp and meaningless production into supposing that some nerve of the cosmos is being touched. But there are no such anthology pieces in *Coriolanus,* and Mr. Langham fortunately did not suppose that his job was to conceal their absence by a tumble of movement: rather to build a play, swiftly, swiftly, as the script indicates it can be built, creating out of its elements the context in which everything will come alive.

In such a production many things grow clear. Coriolanus' mother, freed of the Lady Macbeth tradition, commands not the voice of the Furies but (grayhaired and ramrod-straight) the blue steel of aristocratic dignity, clashing in a void. There is merely, in her Rome, Ensinewed People, and the Rabble. She is quite right about the Rabble, and the Rabble, when they howl down her son, are right about her. Here the director's feat is especially clear. It is impossible for him to articulate such characters through the décor of a coherent milieu within which they move, since the play depends from start to finish on the *absence* of such a milieu. This charade of duty and valor is played out in a lunar crater.

Analogy to 1800

As point of reference, the costumes gave us Europe, about 1800. This engendered some regrettable false analogies—I wish Tanya Moiseiwitsch, who designed the production, had not thought it necessary to labor a chance resemblance between Tullus Aufidius and Napoleon—but it served to focus imagination on a time of disintegrating aristocracies and swarming mobs, and it disposed of the Laundromatted sameness of togas. Given this opportunity, Paul Scofield, evidently a remarkable actor, created a Coriolanus on whom resplendent uniforms were the superfluous trappings of leadership, and rags the transparent disguise: the same thrusting impenetrable man however appareled. And yes, Aufidius in a cocked hat made sense: voluble Italianate, mercurial, sly.

There are signs that the busy pace and rapid speech which served this play so well may be on occasion Stratford mannerisms; but in *Love's Labour's Lost* they proved surprisingly elucidative of a wholly dissimilar work. One virtue of speed is that the text need not be butchered to fit it into a tolerable playing time. The Elizabethans too were quick speakers, and the Stratford productions come close to Shakespeare's own conventional estimate of two hours.

Love's Labour's Lost needs both the repleteness of an unmangled text and the reasonable brevity Mr. Langham's direction gave it. Nothing

(Continued on p. 226)

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Appeasement, Past and Present

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

Nearly a year ago in England A. J. P. Taylor published *The Origins of the Second World War*. It received a mixed reception. The popular press gave it enthusiastic reviews. The reviewer for the *New Statesman*, England's genteel journal of the Left, described Mr. Taylor as "the only English historian now writing who can bend the bow of Gibbon and Macaulay . . . ," and added that his book was "a masterpiece." The *Times Literary Supplement* praised its "impeccable logic," and Mr. Sebastian Haffner in the *Observer* pronounced it "an almost faultless masterpiece."

But as the critical appraisal of Mr. Taylor's work grew, scholarship replaced enthusiasm and the diplomatic historians of the Hitler era found that Mr. Taylor had not only produced no masterpiece but that he was a silly and inaccurate writer who could edit a text, twist a meaning and mislead a reader with the most artful deftness. H. R. Trevor-Roper, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford University, writing in *Encounter*, produced a bill of indictment entitled "A. J. P. Taylor and Hitler," more devastating and acute than any piece of learned reviewing since the youthful Nietzsche demolished the superficial nonsense of *Der Alte und der Neue Glaube* by Friedrich David Strauss in 1872. But Trevor-Roper is not alone in his condemnation of this piece of spurious historical writing. Virtually every sound diplomatic historian in England, including the historian of the Rome-Berlin Axis, Elizabeth Wiskemann, has condemned the book as not simply inaccurate and sloppy, but thoroughly misleading.

The Origins of the Second World War, by A. J. P. Taylor. Atheneum, $4.50

If this is the case the public has the right to ask, "Why whip a dead horse?" But Mr. Taylor is far from dead, as the new American edition of his work testifies; and the attitudes and opinions which he parades as the end product of historical scholarship are only too alive in present-day England and America. It has been suggested that the irresponsibility which characterizes Mr. Taylor's work is only a reflection of his playful iconoclasm and that one ought not really take him seriously. Unfortunately, he must be taken seriously and his attitudes must be seen as the reflection of the amorality and appeasement-mindedness of the Left and the Left-leaning, past and present.

Mr. Taylor's thesis is a simple one. The Versailles Treaty was a terrible mistake because it did not answer to the realities of Germany's post-World War I power in Europe. Germany began immediately to undo the Versailles Treaty and this work of destruction was well on the way to accomplishment through the work of Stresemann when Hitler came to power in January 1933. To this point, Taylor's thesis is neither very novel nor provocative. But here he abandons his evidence, his reason, and his own recall of the climate of opinion in the 1930s. He insists that Hitler was a statesman in the mold of Metternich and Bismarck, pursuing limited national aims in the classic pattern of rational Western statescraft.

If this assumption about the nature of Hitlerian diplomacy is correct, then, once his legitimate aspirations had been satisfied, he would have become a peaceful buttress of the established order. Therefore, Taylor approves the course of appeasement which developed after 1933; indeed, his chief complaint is that appeasement did not go far enough. After Munich, when England and France, at last shamed at the enormity of what they had done in destroying the Czech state, guaranteed the territorial integrity of Poland, war was unavoidable. It was unavoidable in Taylor's view, not because Hitler's appetite for Eastern territory was insatiable but because the foolish and bullheaded Poles refused to consent to dismemberment. Throughout the book Hitler is proclaimed as being no more than a political opportunist, launched at last on a war which he did not want and was unprepared to fight.

Where the documents refute Taylor's eccentric thesis they are edited into conformity, with a carelessness of fact which shames the pages of the Soviet Encyclopaedia. His judgment of Hitler and Stalin is not only inaccurate; it is immoral. Both Hitler and Stalin emerge as the men of peace, pleading the cause of sweet reasonableness while the Poles are "political gamblers," and Chamberlain a weak and "dithering" statesman, not indeed because he dishonored himself at Munich but because he refused to violate his alliance with Poland in order to satisfy Russian expansionist designs.

To date most of the criticism of Taylor's book has come in connection with his failure to treat honestly the nature and scope of the Nazi drive for domination of Europe. Perhaps even more damaging to his reputation as an historian is his treatment of the Nazi-Soviet Pact of August 1939. No one since Ambassador Joseph E. Davies in *Mission to Moscow* has given such enthusiastic approval to this document which precipitated the outbreak of hostilities in Europe. The burden of Taylor's argument is that England and France were the parties to blame for the failure in negotiations with Russia during the summer of 1939. Taylor implies that England and France should have given Russia

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the free hand she desired in Poland and the Baltic states, in return for an alliance against Nazi Germany. Hitler was not above such a concession. It is a familiar argument frequently espoused by Soviet apologists.

This moral obtuseness which cannot distinguish between a Hitler and a Schuschnigg, between a Chamberlain and a Stalin; which makes a topsy-turvy of responsibility and guilt in the period between the wars; which can describe this period as "without heroes; and perhaps even without villains," is not simply the result of moral insensitivity and childish iconoclasm. It can only be explained in terms of Taylor's political orientation.

It has been suggested by Trevor-Roper that Taylor's defamation of Chamberlain, Daladier and Beck because they refused further concessions to Hitler is a presentist tract; that what Taylor is really saying is that Khrushchev, like Hitler, is a statesman in the classical Western mold with limited and rational national objectives, and that the West ought to meet these objectives by concession and appeasement. No doubt Trevor-Roper is correct in this analysis, but the larger question of an explanation of Taylor's total attitudes and values in historical study must be faced. Is there a consistent view in this trivial and eccentric study of the coming of the Second World War?

It is easy enough to identify Mr. Taylor as a man of the Left. The intellectual company he keeps and the causes he espouses are alone enough for that. But this description is not discriminating enough. Taylor is not an orthodox, ideological Marxian. He lacks the dialectical vigor and constancy of viewpoint characteristic of Marxians. He is, rather, the end product of two generations of Fabianism; that tradition which began with such moral earnestness and now ends its days defending Khrushchev by defending Hitler. It is a system without a principle, a combination of Keynesian economics and appeasement. (No doubt a part of Taylor's respect for Hitler is due to the fact that Hitler, as Taylor explains, had discovered J. M. Keynes' fountain of economic youth, while the backward English as late as 1959 had elevated a free market economist to the Peerage.) It is a system whose most characteristic marks are its worship of success and its fear of the future. It is the ethics and the historical view of the sycophant.

One last question in connection with Mr. Taylor must be raised. "Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed, that he is grown so great?" Surely Mr. Taylor has not just now fallen from valor. He has written other books and hazarded other opinions. Then he met with approval and no doubt was somewhat startled by the reception of his latest book. Where were the critics when he published *Course of German History* in 1945? It was no more distinguished for clarity of thought and proper employment of the evidence than his latest work. It was a work of war propaganda written in a genteel and academic Vansittart vein, and the critics, English and American, rejoiced. It does make a difference whose ox is being gored.

Fiction

Evelyn Waugh: Gentleman in Battle

JOAN DIDION

DISTINCTIVELY dolorous by nature, I have to date been saved from my own instincts mostly by the relentless interference of my acquaintances, one or two of whom seem to have perfect pitch for my absurdities, if not always for their own. I recall in particular one bitter morning in New York, my twenty-third birthday, when I woke with intimations of mortality to find outside my door, attractively done up in a Henri Bendel box, the jacket of a Henry James novel painstakingly altered to read *The Tragic M(o)use*. It was accompanied by a gray plastic mouse with a red ribbon around its tail, and if I did not immediately stop fancying myself a kind of East End Avenue Ophelia, I began at least to entertain certain doubts.

Although this battle is still far from won, I sometimes have mixed feelings about the desirability of winning it at all: the only prize, after all, would be a sense of the absurd, the beginning of a kind of toughness of mind; and to win that particular victory is to cut oneself irrevocably loose from what we used to call the main currents of American thought. Every real American story begins in innocence and never stops mourning the loss of it: the banishment from Eden is our one great tale, lovingly told and retold, adapted, disguised and told again, passed down from Hester Prynne to Temple Drake,

The End of the Battle, by Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown, $4.50

from Natty Bumppo to Holden Caulfield; it is the single stunning fact in our literature, in our folklore, in our history, and in the lyrics of our popular songs. Because hardness of mind is antithetical to innocence, it is not only alien to us but generally misapprehended. What we take it for, warily, is something we sometimes call cynicism, sometimes call wit, sometimes (if we are given to this kind of analysis) disapprove as "a cheap effect," and almost invariably hold at arm's length, the way Eve should have held that snake.

IT IS precisely this hardness of mind which creates a gulf between Evelyn Waugh and most American readers. There is a fine edge on, and a perfect balance to, his every perception, and although he is scarcely what you could call unread in the United States, neither is he what you could call understood. When he is not being passed off as "anachronistic" or "reactionary" (an adjective employed by Gore Vidal and others to indicate their suspicion that Waugh harbors certain lingering sympathies with the central tenets of Western civilization), he is being fêted as a kind of trans-Atlantic Peter DeVries, a devastating

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spoofer who will probably turn out *really* to be another pseudonym for Patrick Dennis.

Consider these comments made at one time or another upon *Men at War*, Waugh's long trilogy, finally complete this year: "Highly entertaining . . . about some of the preposterous experiences of the Second World War. . . . Waugh's sharp wit and sure touch of satire are always at work. . . . Contains comic passages as funny as anything since *Decline and Fall*. . . . The wittiest of the war novels. . . . First-rate comic genius. . . . Satirical. . . . wickedly witty. . . . right to the hilarious, if not poignant, end."

Although it would be difficult to construct from these quotations the dimmest impression that Waugh was trying for anything much more devious than *See Here, Private Hargrove* or at the outside *Mister Roberts*, what he was up to in this trilogy happened in point of fact to be a complex elegiac study of the breakdown of a civilization, a great work, so right in every way that if my grandchildren should ever ask me how it was when I was little, I think I would press upon them, along with Faulkner's chronicle of the emergence of the Snopes family and some bound volumes of the wartime *Vogue*, Waugh's *Men at War*.

But that is social history, and *Men at War*—begun in 1952 with *Men at Arms*, continued in 1955 with *Officers and Gentlemen*, and completed this year with *The End of the Battle*—is a great deal more than social history. One of the virtues of the hard mind is that it can deal simultaneously with an individual, his God, and his society, neither slighting nor magnifying the subtle, delicate pressures each exerts upon the others. (American novelists are on the whole incapable of this kind of thing. With the exception of Henry James, they have been determinists at heart—or very lazy.) What *Men at War* is about is one man's aridity, and his foredoomed attempt to make a social cause a moral cause in a society bereft of moral meaning; I can think of no other writer who has made that bereavement quite so clear to me.

The man is Guy Crouchback, an English Catholic who went to war when he was thirty-five, at the time of the 1939 Molotov-Ribbentrop Treaty, an extraordinarily crucial moment and a brilliant stroke on which to begin this particular book: ". . . now, splendidly, everything had become clear. The enemy at last was plain in view, huge and hateful, all disguise cast off. It was the Modern Age in arms. Whatever the outcome there was a place for him in that battle." Closing his house in Italy in order to enlist in London, Guy prepares as if for a Crusade, stopping by

Random Notes

● MOVIES: *The Connection*, made in New York with most of the cast from the original off-Broadway production, proves once and for all (again) that what makes good theater does not necessarily make good movies; in this case, the shambling, compulsive, pointless but riveting electricity of the play got lost in bogs of bad direction, bad photography, a general absence of imagination. . . . Employment of screenwriters at the major studios reached an all-time low ebb this winter, with, in December, only 81 working, only 16 of those under exclusive, rather than picture-by-picture, contracts. . . . Cleopatra may be in the public domain, but, according to *Variety*, the use of Miss Elizabeth Taylor's name or picture in connection with any Cleopatra items must be authorized by the new firm, Cleopatra Enterprises, the joint property of 20th-Century Fox and Eddie Fisher-Elizabeth Taylor. . . . Expanding Cinema is filming passages from James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*, which is described as "a brilliant comedy with profound undertones."

● THEATER: Santha Rama Rau, whose dramatization of E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India* opened recently at the Ambassador Theater, plans an original play based on a novel she is writing. "It's not supposed to be a message play," she says, "but it has a message. The message is all the things that have happened to Asia and the reasons Asians behave the way they behave. It may turn out to be a musical comedy." . . . Edward Albee (*The Zoo Story, The American Dream*) is preparing to launch a new three-act play off Broadway. Title: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* . . . *Anastasia*, based on the Anastasia legend, will appear as a musical, with Rachmaninoff themes. . . . Also reaching the Broadway pinnacle, Christopher Isherwood's *The Berlin Stories* (drama and movie versions: *I Am A Camera*) will emerge as a musical, *Goodbye to Berlin*.

● INCIDENTAL: Cartoon in *Punch*, one Chinese to another: "Yes, this is the Street - of - the - Great - Leap - Forward - of - our - Glorious - People's - Commune - System - over - the - Capitalist - Butchers - of -the - West, but everybody still calls it Sixth Avenue." . . . Among the hit records in Sweden this winter: "Alpenrose," actually a rock 'n' roll version of the Nazi Horst Wessel Song; the record swept into West Germany against waves of protest.

● BOOKS: *The Best Remaining Seats*, by Ben M. Hall (Potter, $15), a beautifully done swing through the era of the great movie palaces, from the Roxy in New York to Grauman's Chinese, with a stop in Faribault, Minnesota, where a sign by the switchboard at the Paradise read: "Please do not turn on the clouds until the show starts. Be sure the stars are turned off when leaving." . . . *The Rothschilds*, by Frederic Morton (Atheneum, $5.95), an entrancing, although one suspects rather simplified, study of the great family whose motto has been *"Concordia Integritas Industria."* . . . *Portrait of Hemingway*, by Lillian Ross (Simon and Schuster, $2.50), a hard-cover edition of her famous *New Yorker* profile on Hemingway, done in 1950.

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the tomb of an obscure English knight, Roger of Waybroke, waylaid on the way to his own Crusade and buried there "far from Jerusalem, far from Waybroke, a man with a great journey still all before him and a great vow unfulfilled": "Sir Roger, pray for me," Guy asked, "and for our endangered kingdom."

Guy's Crusade is short-lived. By the time of the alliance with Russia in 1941, he felt himself "back after less than two years' pilgrimage in a Holy Land of Illusion in the old ambiguous world, where priests were spies and gallant men proved traitors and his country was led blundering into dishonor." By 1943, when *The End of the Battle* begins, he is back in London, a London crowded with old people, disorder, fragments of things once known. As the end of the war approaches, the heaviest awareness of all strikes him: that whatever it had been to which he had dedicated himself on the tomb of Sir Roger that day in 1939, it had not been a Crusade. As he is told by a displaced person, "Even good men thought their private honor would be satisfied by war. . . . Were there none in England?" "God forgive me," said Guy, "I was one of them."

What happens to Guy Crouchback at the end of the war is nothing much: he marries, and lives with his wife and children in the agent's cottage on his family land. But he is stranded, in a real sense, exactly as far from Jerusalem and exactly as far from home as Roger of Waybroke had been, there in Italy, centuries before. What Guy can never be—and that he cannot be is the measure of something that happened in those centuries between—is what Sir Roger had been: "a man with a great journey still all before him and a great vow unfulfilled."

To know as Waugh knows that there are no more great journeys and possibly no more great vows and still to trouble to write a novel at all exhibits precisely that fine hardness of mind most characteristic of him; to know it and to trouble to write a trilogy exhibits, above and beyond hardness, whatever it was that made Chinese Gordon put on a clean white suit to hold Khartoum.

Dynamics of the Economy

ELGIN GROSECLOSE

INTEREST in the relative economic growth of Soviet Russia and the United States has reached a feverish state that promises ample audience for the two books under review. The Bergson volume presents as thoroughgoing a statistical evaluation of the rate of growth in physical production and national income in the Soviet Union as one is apt to find anywhere. Professor Bergson, besides teaching economics at Harvard, is a member of the executive committee at the Russian Research Center at Harvard.

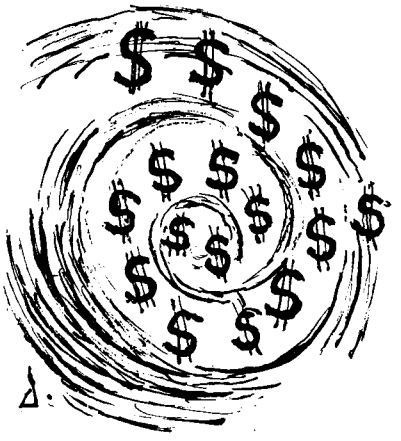
The Real National Income of Soviet Russia since 1928, by Abram Bergson, Harvard, $8.75

Economic Growth in the United States: Its History, Problems and Prospects, by Sumner H. Slichter. Louisiana, $5

The difficulties in appraising the productivity of the Soviet economic machine in statistical terms are awesome. Chief among them is the notorious Soviet secretiveness regarding facts. Then there are others, such as the inner meaning of the statistics that are released; the actual value of the fluctuating and depreciating ruble; the relative weighting of components; and, finally, the basic difference of concept as to national income. (Soviet statisticians, under the influence of the Marxian distinction between productive and unproductive activity, treat only the production of material goods as significant.) The ultimate question which the volume seeks to answer, of course, is the relative efficiency of two competing social systems.

Dr. Bergson tentatively concludes that Soviet socialism is not as efficient as its proponents claim. At the same time its potential has been underrated by many critics. In per capita terms Bergson finds the Soviets are now producing about 40 per cent as much goods and services as the United States. With Soviet output growing yearly at a rate which he computes at 6 per cent and ours at 3 per cent, the corresponding figure in 1975 might be on the order of 65 per cent.

The basic confusion of such studies as this is their failure to deal with qualities and directions of production



rather than quantities. One is reminded of the story going the rounds, of the national income economist who was found in a public brothel. On being asked why he did not confine such activities to his home, he explained that in such case they would not contribute to the national income. It was on the same basis that citizens were urged to spend their leisure in the cinema rather than walking on the avenue, since the former activity created employment for ticket sellers, ushers, projectionists and actors with a probable surplus for investors, whereas the second gave employment only to the shoemaker. While Khrushchev is making political hay by promising the Russian worker an equality with the American by 1975, and our Administration is beating the tom-tom over the race to the moon, the ultimate victory in the global struggle will more likely depend upon which can produce another *1812 Overture* or *Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

Economic Growth in the United States by the late Professor Slichter affords more cheerful reading for those obsessed by the bugaboo of rising Soviet productivity. His volume is the outgrowth, with much reworking, of his Merrill Foundation Lectures at Tulane University in 1954. Professor Slichter regarded the vol-

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ume as the most important work of his career. Dissenting from the pessimistic predictions of the principal critics of the capitalist economy—Mill, Marx, Veblen, Keynes and Schumpeter, each of whom he discusses in turn—Professor Slichter proclaims that the American economy is far from being "stagnated" or labor-ridden, or doomed to socialism.

It is evident that these critics seriously miscalculated the capacity of the private enterprise system to grow. Each believed that growth would either cease or have to be sustained by public spending. Marx, Veblen and Schumpeter all expected capitalism to give way to some form of socialism. To the contrary, Professor Slichter points out, output per man hour in our capitalist economy has been growing over the long term at an increasing rate. He calculates that during the first half of the nineteenth century the increase in productivity may have been as much as 25 per cent, that in the second half of the century it doubled, and in the first half of the twentieth century almost trebled. In explanation, he stresses the significance of industrial research. He says, "Enterprises have it within their power to create huge demand for goods by creating obsolescence. This new capacity to foster a large and growing demand for goods that the economy has acquired makes obsolete existing theories of demand."

Professor Slichter comes very close to what we have been arguing for—a deeper intuitive insight into the springs of economic activity—in his defense of the professional manager system. He is critical of the image which economists generally have of management—particularly of Schumpeter, who holds that managers tend to become divorced from both employees and owners and hence to function without a vitalizing motive. On the contrary, says Slichter, "the tremendous absorption that many managers have in their jobs springs from the fact that they find their work exciting and challenging—for them the job is fun rather than drudgery."

Slichter was the first to propound the economic theory that growth itself helps to produce growth. He finds our economy, far from being threatened by stagnation, gaining in its capacity to grow—extraordinarily dynamic, adaptable and efficient.

Records

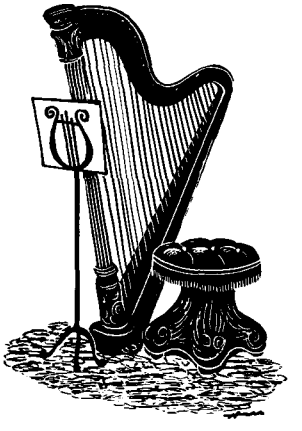
Mozart's Statement of Faith

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

THE MUSICOLOGISTS often read more into a score than the notes warrant. They study Mozart's short, frustrated life and come to conclusions about his music which the listening ear does not confirm. And so they tell us that in his Salzburg period, he wrote fifteen Masses in the mannered style demanded of him, became a Freemason, married, lived in Paris, was exposed to the polyphony of Bach, found disappointment in his marriage—and from the *mélange* of these experiences produced the *Great Mass in C Minor* (K 427).

It is not quite so simple to psychoanalyze the creation of this great work. For art distills far more than the superficial aspects of the artist's personal history. There is such a thing as the deepening awareness of what Unamuno called "the tragic sense of life." This, deriving from sources a musicologist can never uncover, may have dictated the form and mood of the *C Minor Mass*—his greatest contribution to the literature of Church music.

Mozart's religiosity tended to the primitive. But it had its uses and insights—if only because it was the first undisciplined recognition of the Mystery. In this context, the *C Minor Mass* is clearly a statement of faith—and how Mozart arrived at it, or how long he held it, is none of our business. Neither, for that matter, is the easy symbolism of a never-completed score.



What I mean to say is that Mozart's *Great Mass* should be a musical and religious experience, not an essay in autobiography. For a young man so encased in the form and cadence of his time's music, the *Gott betrunkener* outburst of some of its passages are startling. Even more so is the purity of expression—a purity which turns back the pages of music to the thin affecting line of fifteenth-century monodies, the rich color of Victoria, and, closer to Mozart's own time, to the Tenebrae services of Couperin.

A study of Bach, it is said, influenced the *Great Mass*. But I fail to hear the solid Germanic tread of Bach's polyphony in Mozart's delicate counterpoint. Nor can I find anything among his immediate predecessors to compare with the quality of the *Et incarnatus est* of the *C Minor Mass*. This extended *arioso*, celebrating the effulgence on earth when the Spirit became flesh, is carried limpidly by the soprano and held within form by an attenuated *obligato* of flute, oboe and bassoon. Contemplating faith, St. John of the Cross wrote: *Su claridad nunca es escurecida,/Y sê que toda luz de ella es venida, Aunche es de noche*. Mozart said it with music.

(The other night, I placed on the turntable Victoria's *Officium Defunctorum*, François Couperin's *Tenebrae Services for the Wednesday of Holy Week*, and the *Great Mass*—in that order—to see how they would clash, how they would complement, how they would fit together. It should have been an unfair comparison, for the *Officium* (Angel 35668) is Victoria's greatest work—and the *Tenebrae* (Vanguard BG 613) is probably Couperin's. I listened also to *A Qui Direlle Sa Pensée*—(a secular monody issued on shellac years ago by Boîte à Musique.) For me, at least, they had a musical unity which transcended the differences in style of composition and performance. The differences were external, the unity internal.

The *C Minor Mass* is, of course, not all as contemplative and disembodied as its *Et incarnatus est*. The aroused counter-voices of the *Qui tollis* reflect the controlled turmoil of the damned as they clamor for the word which will mean deliverance from their sins. There are fugal passages followed by cohesive bodies of sound. The Mozart of the symphonies breaks through occasionally, but not abrasively. Nowhere

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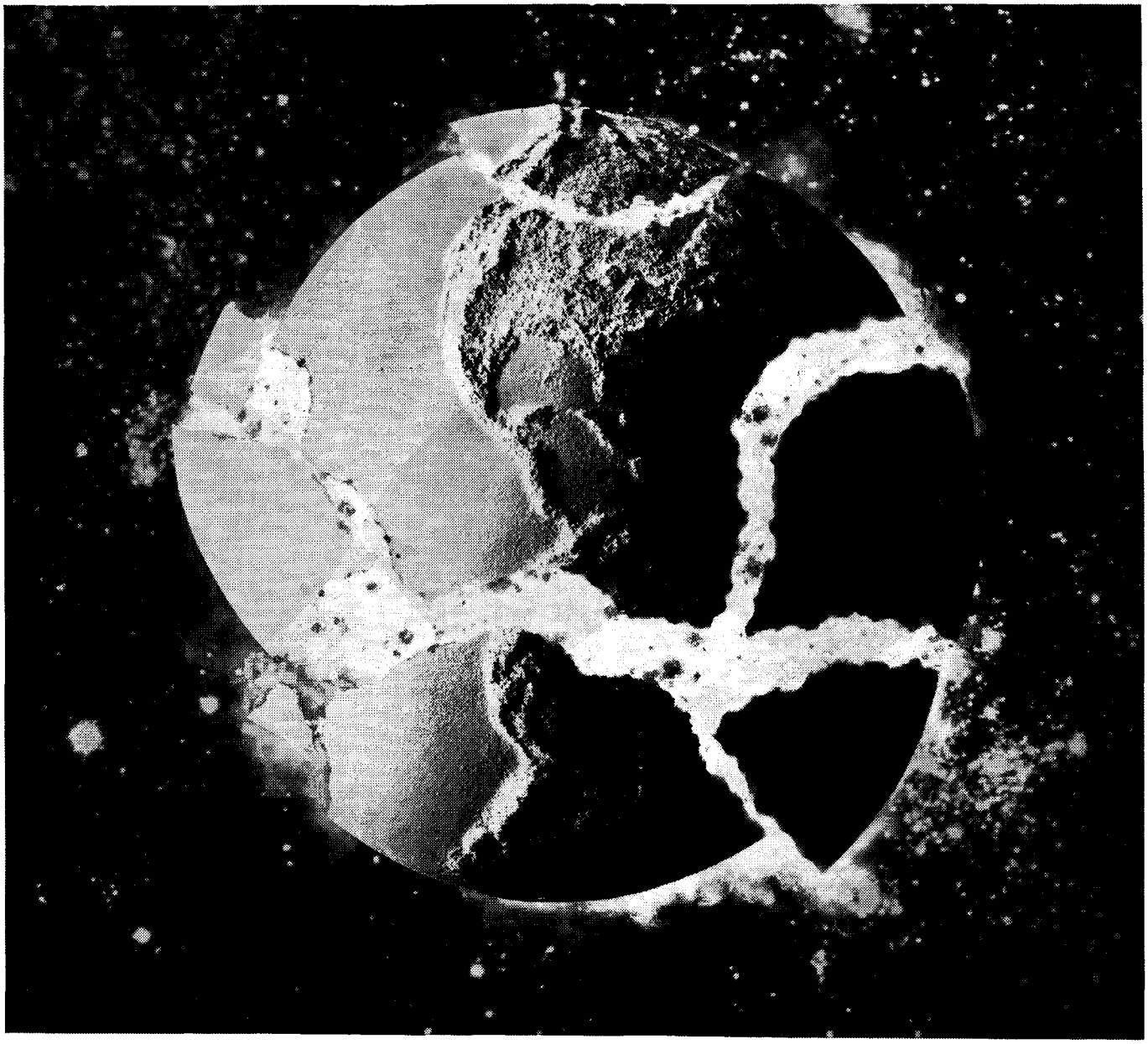

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

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is the logic of these contracts misplaced.

It is a commentary of our times that the *Great Mass in C Minor,* issued by the Haydn Society to commemorate the Holy Year, was lost to the attrition of commerce and dropped from the catalogue. It is once more available. True, it cannot be found west of the Hudson on the shelves of record shops. So far as I know, the reissue was made solely for The Record Hunter, in New York City. But there is always the Post Office to transmit an order—and if the demand is great enough, there may possibly be a more general distribution.

That this recording, by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra and the Akademie Chorus, is again with us is important news. (The Record Hunter has also reissued much of the Haydn Society catalogue, including the seldom-heard Masses of Haydn.) It is interesting to note that, though high fidelity had not made the advances we now take for granted at the time the *Great Mass* was inscribed on vinylite, the performance is of such fine definition that the tonalities and the dynamics of orchestra and soloists are excellently reproduced. In fact, the clarity may be enhanced by the recording techniques of a decade ago, which did not lend themselves to an overtrebled harshness. This is particularly true in the less-instrumented passages which emerge from the speakers and reform in the room with quiet excellence.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

CONAN DOYLE, by Hesketh Pearson (Walker, $5.00). Robinson Crusoe and Sherlock Holmes share a breadth of reputation so universal that the few Tuaregs who don't yet recognize them as permanent furniture of the imagination do little to spoil the fact. Some years ago John Dickson Carr, the collaborator of Adrian Conan Doyle (the Master's son), in writing up further adventures of Dr. Moriarty's exterminator, gave us a gossipy, thoroughly satisfying life of Sir Arthur. Now Hesketh Pearson gives us another, tidier biography. If so polished a book can have a fault, it is one of omission. Where is all the melodrama of the first Lady Doyle that Mr. Carr made such hay with? Where, to go alongside the new archetype for Holmes which Mr. Pearson puts forward somewhat unconvincingly, is the fascinating correlation of Holmes and his real archetype, Walter Pater? Mr. Pearson is of that calm, neat school of writing which the American with his two-volume literary biography, the articulation of note-cards which yellowed with the greying of the author's hair, can only envy. Yet Georgian reticence and sweet irony, however superior to the American simultaneous arrival at unchallengeable thoroughness and senility, are not exactly the disciplines for approaching the enigma of a man who swelled with Tennysonian patriotism to see English youth crawling in its own gore in South Africa, but went faint at the sight of a stuck pig; who left the church to spend a fortune convincing the world that the soul, he'd discovered, is immortal; and who called himself "the man in the street," a despiser of writer and artist blokes, but created Holmes, the most exquisite aesthete of all the Nineties. G. DAVENPORT

THE REVOLT OF THE CONSERVATIVES: *A History of the American Liberty League, 1934 - 1940,* by George Wolfskill (Houghton Mifflin, $5.00). The conservative response to Franklin I's fling with the Republic was the Liberty League, and no conservative organization since has matched its performance in political education and action. The League was authentically bipartisan. Giants of industry garnished its letterhead. (Yes, grandson, millionaires once gave to *conservative* causes.) The League's story—told with a bow to Arthur Schlesinger by a professor who served long hours in the library but never met a human being there—abounds in useful analogies to today's conservative movement. The League failed because it never learned to cope with the New Deal's sturdiest ally, the Depression; but it was a failure of rhetoric, not of analysis. Since conservatives keep making the same mistakes, I'll risk my Neanderthal's union card and suggest the chief reason: the conservative's scorn of those nasty, necessary fellows, the hidden persuaders. For a debased electorate, the Constitution is simply not enough. N. MCCAFFREY

NATURE'S YEAR, *The Seasons of Cape Cod,* by John Hay (Doubleday, $4.50). Cape Cod on first inspection is apt to seem a flat, brackish, not too interesting peninsula relieved by some miles of beach and dune that are themselves unspectacular. Now that it is bisected by traffic arteries, peppered with

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billboards and stands selling wooden windmills, even its neutral charm seems doomed. There was never very much vegetation, and today it is becoming difficult to see the trees for the politicians. Yet Cape Cod still manages to keep a reservoir of subtle charm that one can grow into with understanding. And of course it has 60,000 year-round inhabitants, not all of whom are engaged in frying clams or making antiques for the quarter of a million summer visitors. John Hay is proof of it. He came to Cape Cod as a naturalist, lives on a hill in Brewster and is President of the Cape Cod Junior Museum. Beyond that he is an observer of the small world about him in the tradition of White or Selborne. In *Nature's Year* he has written of his Brewster world month by month: birds, small creatures, insects, seeds and grasses, incidents, the subtle shifting of the seasons. The result is a book, in Thoreau's definition, "open to all weathers." A consoling thought Mr. Hay brings back to us, that the ultimate things—like gulls and midges—do not change, that the winds and the seasons are still impervious to billboards and politicians.

F. RUSSELL

THE WAY OUT WORLD, by John Nebel (Prentice-Hall, $3.95). Insomniacs within the 27-state range of New York's powerful WOR know "Long John" Nebel as the tireless MC who, between midnight and 5 a.m. five mornings a week, interviews an incredible variety of "guests" about almost everything. In this volume he summarizes, tongue well-stashed in cheek, the assertions of some of the weirdest: Orfeo Angelucci, who met a gorgeous Venusian blonde five inches tall; Andy Sinatra, the Mystic Barber; Eli Greifer, author of "Poems for What Ails You"; etc. A useful reference, if you want to brush up on what Long John calls "the general subject of kookery." But some readers may prize the book more for the breezy Broadway humor of its author, who has been everything from a bandleader to the manager of Siamese twins, and will always be a pitchman at heart. If you don't like his book, he pleads, "don't let anybody else know you didn't like it. Let the other marks get their feet wet."

W. A. RUSHER

DISSENT, Summer 1961 ($1). *Dissent*, an orthodox little Leftward Ho, came up not long ago with a New York, N.Y. issue, soft on the heels of its spiritual big sister, *Esquire*. Since both editors and contributors were culled from as fine a posse of circuit riders as ever cadged a Guggenheim, the pieces range from the obvious to the ordinary, all in the tone of Eureka, none leavened by humor—save such presumably unintentional bits as short stories which begin "Me kill Daddy-Wong-Wegs." *Dissent* digs Harry Ashmore, Beats, Murray Kempton, Miscegenation (sans clergy), Off-Broadway, Psychiatry, Public Housing, Mort Sahl, the Village, and putting down such bad guys as Amos n' Andy, Meyer Davis, the Police Department Narcotics Squad, Finks, Joe McCarthy, Mississippians, and Robert Moses. Sample some scripture: you'll find old Dan Bell pushing a "social calculus." Hear out the drama critic of the *Village Voice* on the *New York Post:* "She's our mama, that's what counts. She is the good indignant mama of New York City as the *New York Times* is its good gray papa." Meet Irving Howe, grand kleagle of the editorial board: "One hot night in Indiana I had a bitter quarrel with Alfred Kazin." That single line encapsules the final parochialism of this gallant little band of dissenters, hopelessly out of touch with America. Anybody else, one hot night in Indiana, might have encountered Bill Jenner, Elmer Davis, Paul McNutt, George Ade, Booth Tarkington, Herb Shriner, Wendell Willkie, Paul Dresser, James Dean, Bo McMillen, Lew Wallace, Bob Ingersoll, Dr. Kinsey, or even Dan Wakefield. Only Irving could have bumped into Alfred Kazin.

N. E. PARMENTEL JR.

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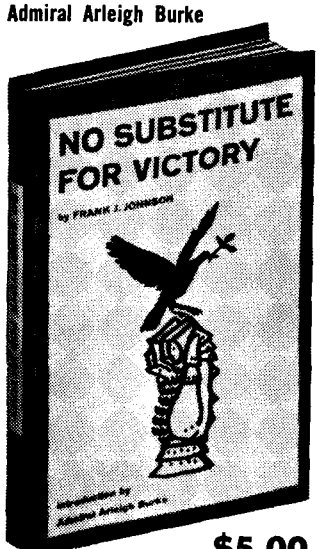
introduction by
Admiral Arleigh Burke



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To the Editor

No Compromise

NATIONAL REVIEW reports that I have resigned as Editor-in-Chief of *World*, the national weekly I helped found. It would be more accurate to say that I was forced out. The immediate cause of my departure was a series of directives which would have deprived me of almost all editorial prerogatives and would have also compelled me to embark on editorial adventures to which I could not lend my name.

However, another factor—and one of considerable significance—was the steady pressure from some of the backer's advisers against making *World* "too anti-Communist" or "too openly conservative." In fact, tentative steps were taken on several occasions to install co-equal editors, one conservative and the other Liberal, to give the paper "balance." My refusal to compromise professional and political integrity led to my dismissal.

Washington, D.C. RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Brought to Heel

All praise to Nathaniel Weyl for his review of Robert J. Alexander's book *Prophets of the Revolution* [Feb. 27]. It is astonishing how easily Alexander has been bamboozling the reading public about the Marxist leaders in Latin America. Weyl brings this shallow Marxist to heel.

New York City GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Double Standard

Amid the current sound and fury over so-called "extremism" on the Right, many persons have tended to overlook the very real threat of extremism on the Left.

A glaring example of such extremism is the statement by Rep. James C. Corman (D.-Cal.) regarding the House Committee on Un-American Activities, which appeared in the *Congressional Record*, March 1, 1961: "The HUAC stimulates among many impressionable Americans an unhealthy and sometimes frightening super-patriotism. This super-patriotism manifests itself in causes of questionable Americanism and loyalty. I speak of groups like the swastika-banded new Nazis, offspring of a scourge which 30 million people died to eliminate less than two decades ago. I submit that the HUAC helps create just the sort of hot, dank atmosphere in which these frightful sores can grow and thrive."

At a recent public meeting in Los Angeles, Mr. Corman was confronted with this statement and asked for an explanation. He responded with the standard recitation of past horrors: persecution of witnesses, smearing of innocent persons, carnival-like publicity, wild-eyed hysteria, witch-hunting, "McCarthyism," etc., etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. When pressed, however, for evidence of a direct connection between the HUAC and the "swastika-banded new Nazis," he was forced to fall back on the rather lame allegation that George Lincoln Rockwell, self-styled "Fuehrer" of the American Nazi Party, had on certain occasions quoted from statements made by the Committee. This immediately raised the question: 1) What specific statements by the HUAC had Herr Rockwell quoted, and when? 2) Even if he had quoted them, were the statements themselves true or were they false? (After all, during his 1959 visit to the U.S., Nikita Khrushchev quoted occasionally from the Bible; did this cast suspicion upon, say, the Gideon Society?) The moderator mercifully interrupted the interrogation to invite questions from the audience on some other subject, whereupon Mr. Corman looked greatly relieved.

Now, perhaps I am merely naive, but if it is extremism to allege that the ADA or the ACLU gives aid and comfort to the Communists, is it not also extremism to allege that the HUAC gives aid and comfort to the Fascists? The only difference seems to be that the extremists of the Right are not in control of our government, while the extremists of the Left are.

Canoga Park, Cal. MICHAEL MILLER

History and Herberg

On Will Herberg's article, "Communism, Christianity, and the Judgment of God" [Jan. 16], I find myself inclined to comment from his-

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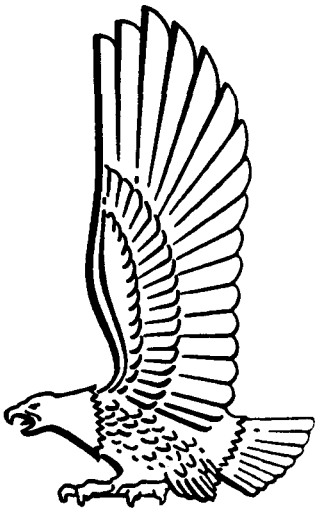
torical and cultural points of view which, while they are theological in origin, are not necessarily theological in nature.

Mr. Herberg does not appear to see much difference between the deficiencies of Christianity in those areas with Protestant tradition from those attached to the tradition of the Roman Church. He ascribes the freedom from Communist infection in the former countries and the prevalence of it in the latter to things other than religion. Such an opinion presses history a little hard.

Looking at the attitudes and individual performances of those reformed by the Protestant revolution, one can only conclude that there must have been a radical revision of their views as to what constituted the virtuous man. Their forebears in the Latin Church had ideas of economic performance which left all the money lending and much of mercantile endeavor to the Jewish population. The individual was submerged with ideas of religious paternity and baronial fealty which made him passive in the face of a manorial system from which no emergence seemed possible. For them, hard work, prudence, independent judgment, and later, some degree of intellectual religious tolerance all became Christian virtues. Despite the loss of theological relevance for many people, the predominantly Protestant countries still bear these ideals in mind. They are less attracted to political systems which do not guarantee parliamentary procedures suitable for governing free peoples.

Duncan, Okla. JOHN R. TOMLINSON

Seven times seventy-seven cheers for Will Herberg's fine article "Again, the Social Gospel" [Feb. 13]. Special comment for asking these questions: "Are 'patience and understanding' in international affairs always so unequivocally Christian?" and ". . . Was it Christian to be 'impatient' with Germany and Japan two decades ago, whereas today Christianity demands 'patience,' just because we are dealing with Communists rather than Nazis or Fascists?" Will Herberg's article has presented to my reason what my instincts had already strongly prompted, *viz.*: that the real problem is not the necessity of being a profound expert on Communism—the real problem, for Christians, is to understand Christianity correctly



"

Doing for people what they can and ought to do for themselves is a dangerous experiment. In the last analysis, the welfare of the workers depends upon their own initiative. Whatever is done under the guise of philanthropy or social morality which in any way lessens initiative is the greatest crime that can be committed against the toilers. Let social busybodies and professional "public morals experts" in their fads reflect upon the perils they rashly invite under this pretense of social welfare.

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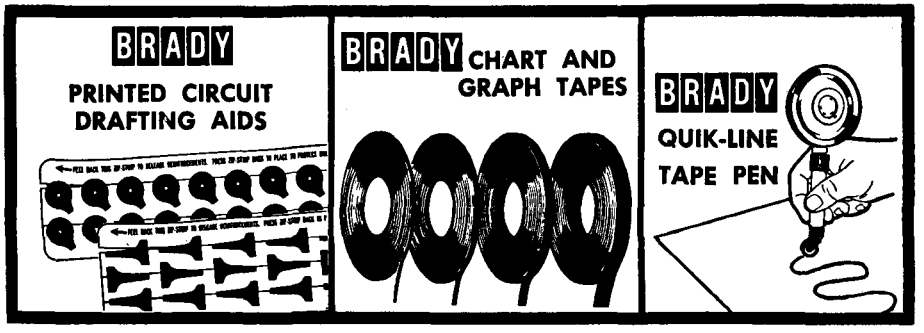

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Documentary "RED CHINA-OUTLAW" creator-writer, Red China Escapee, available as Conservative commentator on Communism Details, Box 277, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York. Attn: Jules Striso.

ORGANIZATIONAL

"GOLDWATER FOR PRESIDENT" imprinted on ballpoint pens. Four different samples $1.00. Chesapeake, Box 5001, Middle River, Baltimore 20, Md.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Here's your opportunity—to discuss and influence the future of the Republican Party. You're cordially invited to attend and participate in an open discussion: "How Conservative Should the Republican Party Be?" Sunday, March 25, 2:30 P.M., in the Theodore Roosevelt Republican Club, 50 W. Tremont Avenue. (one block west of Jerome Avenue subway), Bronx. Refreshments Served. Admission Free.

'GOLDWATER IN '64', Quality, 3-Color Bumper stickers, 4 for $1, Lon Russell, 84 Brookside Pl., New Rochelle, New York.

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ATTENTION NEW YORK CONSERVATIVES! The annual award of the United Taxpayers Party given to the taxpayers' best friend for 1962 will be presented to Joseph McDowell Mitchell for his courageous stand for a SANE welfare policy. Former recipients were Senators Mahoney, Barry Goldwater. Admission Free. Bring your friends. Hotel New Yorker, 8th Ave. and 34th Street, 8 P.M., Thursday, March 29.

MISCELLANEOUS

HARTNETT REPORTS expose infiltration of TV, Stage, Movies by Comnunists, Fifth-Amendmenters, Commy-fronters, anti-anti-Communists. The newsletter that names names and reveals records available nowhere else. SPECIAL: 26 issues for $10. Send check or money order to HARTNETT REPORTS, P.O. Box 296, Tuckahoe, N.Y.

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ANTI-COMMUNIST TRACTS. (1) "Why We Are Losing" (2) "Raising the Minimum Wage" (3) "Facsimile of Letter to Senator Goldwater" (4) "Review & Comment" (5) "Facsimile Letter to Congressman Judd" (6) "Two More Yaltas"* (7) "Actions Speak Louder"* (8) "Warning."* 15¢ each. (*20¢) Public Opinion, Box 4044N, Long Island City 4, New York.

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327 WORLDWIDE Different 25¢. Bargain approvals. NIAGARA STAMPS, St. Catherines 215, Ontario.

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ALERTING PARENTS. American youth are exposed to pressures in a ruthless attempt to destroy love of country and engender a preference for world government. A documentary, 25 cents. The Evanston Panel, Box 872, Evanston, Illinois.

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BEAUTIFUL REPRODUCTIONS of the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, $1.00. LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS 75¢. de la Vega, 233 South Kenmore, Los Angeles, California.

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—that this comprehension must be added to Faith, however rock-like it may be.

Brookfield, Wis. V. A. TORKILDSON

Reasons and Reasons

Your man Mr. Norbert Muhlen must be a prophet extraordinary ["Why the Hate-Germany campaign?" Feb. 13]. Today presented on prime CBS time, narrated by Walter Cronkite, "Twentieth Century" really did it good with their presentation of the German-Russian front in World War II.

Momentarily I had forgotten about Mr. Muhlen's article. When the TV presentation reached its theme of depicting the Nazi armies as bestial and the Russians as real heroes, I had the thought "what in the world brought on this program at this particular time?" and then I remembered the article. A second reading of it was much more meaningful. Very timely reporting.

ROBERT M. RICHARDSON

Lithia Springs, Ga.

Your comments on the "hate" campaign against the Germans and Japanese imply that the current movie and TV campaign may be Communist-inspired. But might it not be that this campaign, together with the bomb fallout shelter propaganda, might be deliberately instigated by the present federal Administration to prepare the people for a "soft" agreement with Russia?

Chatham, N.J. E. C. PAYNE

Mr. Muhlen's article on Germany stresses the fact that Russia is more dangerous than Germany. Just like saying that a cobra is more deadly than a rattlesnake, therefore no need to fear the rattlesnake.

For almost a hundred years Germany has declared war against the world at every oportunity. It's the opinion of many she would do it again if given the chance. After spending six years in two world wars fighting her and seeing her cruelty, I can't change my opinion so easily.

Carmel, Cal. HAROLD L. MACK

Separate Critters

I noted with interest that your "From Washington Straight" column [Feb. 13] contained the following with reference to the Cunningham amendment to the postal rate bill: "Within hours, the Liberal Establishment moved into action. *Washington Post* editorials, in both the *Post* itself and on its TV outlet WTOP, blasted the House for its action." I cannot reasonably argue our inclusion in the Liberal Establishment because I don't know what that is. I can say with complete authority, however, that it is erroneous to create any impression that the editorial policy of WTOP is a mirror image of the newspaper, or vice versa.

Far from it. We are separate critters as regards editorial policy, in fact as well as form. The *Post* people proceed in their own way to form their own judgments and we proceed to form ours, through an independent editorial board composed of station executives, a board for which I happen to be a kind of handmaiden. It is as normal for us to disagree with the *Post* as it to agree. The similarity of positions on the Cunningham amendment was, I assure you, a coincidence, not part of any Liberal conspiracy.

Washington, D.C. JACK JUREY

A Fine Summation

Professor M. Morton Auerbach, wandering into range as the devil's advocate, offered a fat target for perhaps the finest barrage of conservative thought ["Do-It-Yourself Conservatism?" Jan. 30] ever compressed in so few words. M. Stanton Evans, Frank S. Meyer and Russell Kirk, in deliberate, intelligent and eloquent prose, without dialectic and without dishonest rhetoric, have composed a vade mecum of conservatism.

St. Petersburg, Fla. R. J. NEEDLES, M.D.

A European's Concern

I am a Danish economist with an international background. As a newcomer to the U.S., I know that I ought not to meddle too much in American politics. Nevertheless, I feel that the matters at stake are so important that I should not refrain from expressing my views.

Every thinking European is deeply concerned with the present foreign policy of the U.S. Government. Concern has not arisen primarily over Berlin, the Common Market or other strictly European matters. It has arisen far more over Asia, Africa and Latin America. There is a generalized feeling that those areas, which are closer to European minds than it is generally realized over here, are being driven into the Communist camp by official U.S. policies. Ghana, a few weeks after its recent spectacular consolidation with the Communist camp, has been rewarded with $133 million for its Volta River project. The Katanga, a peaceful and industrious area with a firm anti-Communist stand, has been severely punished. In Latin America, Castro initially assumed power with U.S. support, whereas Trujillo's successors have been abated. In Asia, President Ngo Diem is being told to follow democratic policies which, if carried out, will probably weaken his government to such an extent as to make it an easy prey to Communism.

In all lands, there are determined freedom fighters who will resist Communism to the utmost against all odds, whether for religious or other reasons. If they are not supported, however, or if they are known to be in danger of being knocked down by the joint forces of the Soviet Union and the U.S., their followers will desert them by droves. Few fence-sitters are left over now; most of them have gone Communist, as they must perforce. The remainder soon will, unless there is a sharp reversal of U.S. policies.

New York City M. HERMANN

Liberals: Reactionaries!

For years the Liberals have been dismissing conservative arguments as "relics of the nineteenth century." But I think the Liberals themselves are more guilty of nineteenth-century thinking than any conservative, and this fact may explain the Alice-in-Wonderland quality that envelops most high-Liberal dogma. The Liberal today—especially the campus variety—looks at the world of 1962 and sees the world of 1890.

Once the Liberal turns his distorted gaze toward world affairs, the topsy-turvy make-believe of Lewis Carroll deepens into the nightmare

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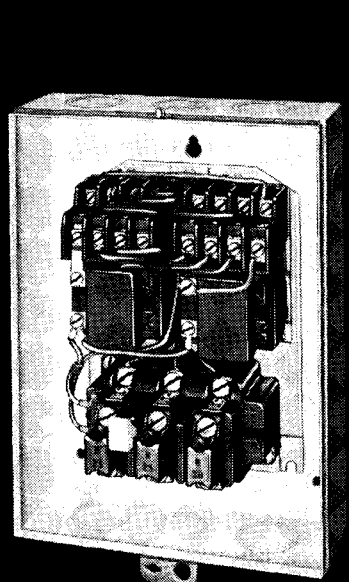

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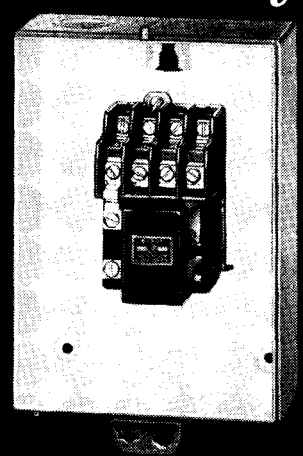

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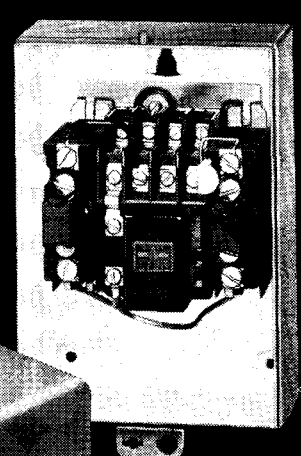

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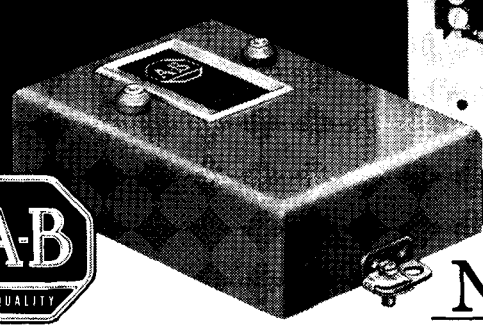

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unreality of Kafka. For the same eye that sees Reuther as martyr to Kohler's villainy has no trouble at all viewing Africa and Asia as perpetual victims of Western European avarice.

The Liberals are forever mistaking traitors for idealists and condemning those who see the truth. Their favorite epithet is appropriately drawn from the nineteenth-century. They call you "Know-Nothings."

Chicago, Ill. DANIEL MCCAUGHNA

Eureka!

HOLD EVERYTHING—Re purchase of UN Bonds: Why not in fact go ahead and purchase them—THEN hand 'em out IN LIEU OF foreign aid cash?! (Couldn't you just see the look on Tito's face?)

Lambertville, Mich. J. HANAS

LIGHTNING AT STRATFORD

(Continued from p. 213)

could be deadlier, for this play, than the prettified leisureliness through which we are usually asked to discern some interest in the comedies. Four groups of characters circle through it with quick but courtly ceremony, and the wit is as light as the sound of viols. The plot, so artificial and distracting on the page, grew pellucid; it built toward a vivid playtime world in which royalty and nobles, peasants and pedants, stamp time for dancing rustics; and then dissolved that world in the concluding moments with a change of pace delicate as the touch of autumn frost.

This summer's trumpets will call the daily crowds to performances of *Macbeth, The Tempest, The Taming of the Shrew.* The season—June 18 to September 29—will be Stratford's tenth, Mr. Langham's eighth (it is rumored, his last). The Festival clearly earns its success (the continued wonder of the Canadian press, which keeps using the word "miracle"), by disclosing the possibility of Shakespearean productions from which one can learn something about Shakespeare, rather than about the actors' mannerisms or the taxidermist's desperation. It is not at all surprising that mail-order business is brisk from early March, and seats for the fourteen-week season grow scarce by late spring.

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The "Tourist" Approach to Languages

THE REAL problem of our foreign-language education is what may be called the "tourist" approach, according to Dr. Thomas Molnar of Brooklyn College's department of French. In the Winter Number of *The University Bookman,* Dr. Molnar brands as spurious "the popular argument that students need no grammar because *babies* learn to speak without it."

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